

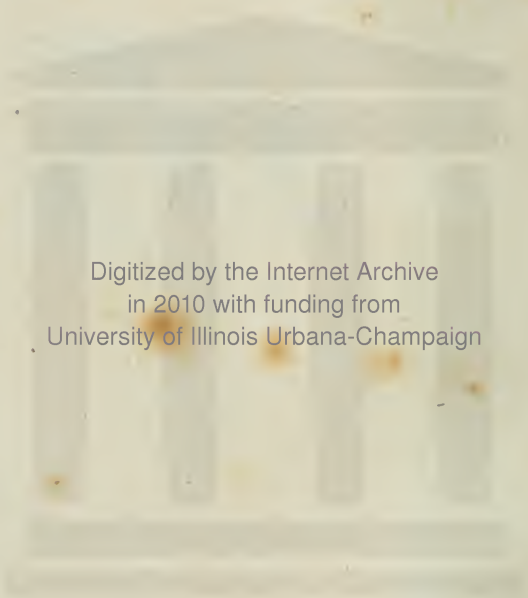
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NED CLINTON;

OR,

THE COMMISSARY:

COMPRISING

ADVENTURES,

AND EVENTS DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR

WITH

Curious and original Anecdotes

OF

MILITARY,

AND OTHER REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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# NED CLINTON;

OR,

## THE COMMISSARY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### *The Amours of Corporal Brady and the Miser's Daughter.*

IN consequence of Corporal Brady's obstinate perseverance in practising many of the light infantry soldier's tricks for discovering hidden wealth, the wary miser, that he might have an assistant in watching his enemy, sent for his daughter home from a farm-house some leagues distant, where she usually resided with her aunt, the wife of a Belgic farmer.

She was an extreme plain woman, about

forty years of age, squinted, had a flat nose, and was of a short dumpy figure; and as she came to her father's house, thoroughly prejudiced against his lodgers, her temper proved no less disgusting to me than her person. I could not move from my chamber without being watched by either the Argus eyes of the old curmudgeon, or else by those of his frightful daughter; while even the honest corporal was driven to his last shift, ere he could discover a mode of evading these closely scrutinizing observers. However, finding that all his experiments for soothing the irritated miser proved totally abortive, and that the female's vigilance was not to be conquered by any of the arts usually practised in war, Brady had recourse to the assistance of his old friend Cupid, and, by the soft blandishments of love, commenced his dangerous attacks upon the maiden.

Perhaps a more convincing proof of the infallibility of Cupid's power was never afforded than this, wherein the valiant corporal made use of that little god's darts to penetrate a fortress, hitherto deemed so thoroughly

impregnable, that no mortal's courage had dared assault it; and if the corporal, as will appear by the sequel, did not ultimately possess himself of the citadel, it was not for the want of ability, but because the citadel ceased to be worth taking possession of. However, that such an extraordinary event may be credited, some particulars concerning it must be related.

No sooner had Brady determined on this mode of proceeding, than he began practising all those seductive arts which he had found answer his purpose so well with the fair sex at Lisbon, Verdun, Brussels, and numerous other places. He now attended the miser's daughter like a shadow; offered her his services on every occasion; assisted her in cooking, cleaning, and lighting fires, when the servant was out of the way, and numerous other domestic duties; while, in return for this extraordinary kindness, she, for a time, treated the corporal either with great disdain, or the most vulgar rudeness; sometimes pushing him from her with marked indignation and contempt; and at others, telling him to get about

his own business, and not molest her. However, Corporal Brady still persevered with indefatigable assiduity, and whenever the fair one treated him with the greatest contempt, he only sighed proportionately deeper than usual ; for it must be observed, that he was now constantly sighing, or else ogling his charmer.

The corporal's warm love, as is customary in like cases, at last softened the lady's heart, and her manner towards him became altered ; she now even offered him a portion of the tit bits in the house, and would, under one pretence or other, often send the servant from the room, that he might whisper his soft speeches into her greedy ear without interruption ; for Brady at this time could speak broken French sufficiently well to explain the tender passion burning in his manly breast.

Many a sly hour have these happy lovers set *tête à tête* in the kitchen chimney-corner, enjoying themselves by a good fire, made from my ration wood, for the selfish miser allowed little, if any other fuel but bean-straw in his house.

For a time this new arrangement caused general satisfaction amongst us; I was contented to live in peace; the miser at finding the corporal had left off hunting for hidden treasure; the maid-servant at having leisure to visit her sweet-heart; Brady, because he had an eye to the bags of money, and expected that by marrying the daughter they would ultimately be his by inheritance (for he had informed himself of the Belgic law on this head); and the *young* lady, because she loved the faithful corporal.

However, this state of things was too sweet to continue long; the miser was the first to disturb the blissful transports of the lovers. The contented countenance of his daughter astonished him; astonishment led to deliberate observation; observation to discovery; and discovery to the malicious design of marring his child's happiness.

Base and malignant in all his actions, the vile curmudgeon could not bear the thought of his daughter's having the good fortune to marry the honest corporal, while he loathed the very idea of Brady's succeeding to his hoarded

wealth. Therefore, with a mind deeply impressed with these mean sentiments, and over-flowing with ire against my faithful attendant, he meditated how he could most effectually defeat the lover's projects.

For this end he sent for his sister, the farmer's wife, a most worthless, violent old termagant, of an avaricious disposition like his own, and placed his daughter solely under her jurisdiction, after he had solemnly assured the old woman that he would cast all her family off, should she connive at any intimacy or communication between Brady and his daughter; and, on the other hand, that he would disinherit his child if she eloped with or married the corporal, and bequeath his wealth to his sister.

No sooner had the old fury received her commission to act, than she took the damsel of forty under her care, to detain her confined in a chamber over the stable, which stood in the garden; but the chamber communicated by a passage, to the drawing-room floor of our house. Here the sad victim to love pined away several days, without seeing or having

any communication with her beloved ; however, the disappointed corporal, was not thus easily to be detained from attempting to gain possession of the fair object of his warm desires. He, who had triumphed on fifty similar occasions, soon decided upon the part he would now perform ; for to stop in such a road to glory and fortune, was not in his gallant nature.

Probably few men knew woman-kind better than Corporal Brady, therefore he could not but feel aware that a female will sooner pardon her lover for a hundred liberties he may take than one cold refusal of intended favors ; which knowledge, added to that of the magnitude of the prize, made him resolve on pursuing the following daring course.

In the dead of the night he forsook his bed, and closely buttoning up his great coat, passed silently through the house passage and out of the back-door ; when, having fixed a small garden ladder against the prison window of his beloved, he mounted it, and finding the sash unfastened, gently opened the window, and immediately descended into the chamber,



and groped his way to the bed of the sleeping maid.

Here the corporal paused for a moment, being disconcerted and astonished at the loud snoring of the sleeper ; however, having recovered himself, he stooped forwards, and whispered as follows in her ear : “ Rise, my love, it is thy own Brady has come after thee, we have no time to lose ;” but here he was interrupted by a severe blow on the nose, while the voice of the old aunt, resounded from the bed, with the cries of rape, murder, and robbery. The bewildered corporal endeavoured to escape, but, to his utter dismay, found the ladder was gone, and at the same time heard the miser’s voice loudly calling for assistance, while the antiquated fury quite astounded him with the vehemence of her ejaculations.

The confusion was now great ; however, it exceeded all description when the chamber-door was opened, and the miser appeared with a rush candle in one hand, and a naked sword in the other, backed by half-a-dozen neighbours, clothed in such garments as had



come first to hand, in the dark, and followed by me, habited in my night-gown. The powers of imagination could scarcely picture such a motley assemblage of characters as were now collected; the miser's picture alone, if faithfully represented on canvass, would make the fortune of a painter; while the terrified countenances, and trembling, uncovered limbs of several of his supporters, would afford equally valuable subjects to the artist. In one corner of the chamber stood the honest corporal, apparently bereft of the power of speech; and in the bed sat two frightfully ugly females, the eldest loudly screeching rape and murder, and vowing vengeance against her niece's lover; while the poor maiden cast her languishing eyes towards Brady, and earnestly imploring her unrelenting father to pardon him.

The miser and his troop, seeing their enemy was unarmed, advanced boldly towards him, upon which, the corporal seized the poker, and flourishing it around his head, swore, by Jasus, that he would make a dead man of the first who came within his reach; but none of

his antagonists seemed disposed to put his courage to further proof; though, on the contrary, they stepped back so fast upon each other, that one fat old gentleman, was thrown down and trampled upon by his companions.

Whether this scene would have terminated by the capture of the gallant corporal, or his driving his enemies before him from the field of battle, I am at a loss to conjecture; but at this critical period a subaltern officer, with a sergeant and file of men, entered the room, to whom Brady, when called upon to do so, at once surrendered himself.

The lieutenant, after having heard all the miser had to say against the corporal, ordered the sergeant to convey him a prisoner to the guard-house; while, under all the circumstances of the case, I deemed it best, at this stage of the business, to say nothing, but reserve my exertions for a more favorable moment.

As the corporal was being marched out of the room, the miser's daughter shrieked and bemoaned his hard fate, in the most piteous manner; nor did her conduct on this occasion, seem unnatural, for a lover like Brady, with

an Herculean frame, nearly six feet in height, and a good humoured handsome face, does not fall to every woman's share. However, in spite of the corporal's misfortune, I could not suppress a smile, when I heard him declare, as the escort conveyed him out of the door, that, by Jasus, this trouble, and almost every other that had befallen him, came of the bad advice given to him by Father Murphy O'Carrol.

## CHAPTER II.

*Clinton is stationed at Menin.—Monsieur and Madame Flora.—An ingenious Contrivance of this Lady.—Agricultural Customs in Flanders.*

THE furious miser, stung to the very soul at the warm tokens of affection his daughter had publicly shown towards Brady, and dreading she would make this generous fellow his son-in-law, was determined at least to frustrate the corporal's plan of succeeding to his bags of money; and for this purpose, on the morning after the late adventure, he sent both for a notary and priest, and having signed a fresh will, whereby his daughter was disinherited in the event of her marrying Corporal James Brady, and his property bequeathed in equal portions between his sister and the

the Romish Church, he deliberately swore upon the holy Bible to the strict observance of the same, and then confessed himself like a pious Catholic as he was.

These ceremonies performed, and finding that his daughter still bemoaned the loss of her lover, the old curmudgeon sent a message to the corporal at the guard house, communicating what he had done, and saying that he might now elope with his daughter when he chose. However, the corporal, whose imprisonment had afforded him ample time for reflection upon this love affair, now entirely altered his mind, feeling no way solicitous of obtaining the dumpy maid, after she was disinherited, and therefore did not trouble himself by replying to the miser's polite message.

It should now be mentioned, for the credit of poor Brady, that although he was unsuccessful in his daring enterprise, owing to the unforeseen circumstance of the aunt sleeping with her fair ward on the night when it was attempted, yet he had conducted the surprise with able generalship, having provided a cabriolet, which was kept waiting in the

neighbourhood, to carry off his rich prize to Brussels, where the chaplain of the British forces would have married the fair one to him without much delay or ceremony.

The corporal suffered a confinement of several days, when I waited upon my friend the Scotch general, and explained all the particulars of Brady's affair, at which he laughed most heartily, and then told me he saw no great harm in a gallant soldiers' aspiring to the possession of a miser's wealthy heiress; however, as this was a military case, for which he might be called to account, he added that he could only consent to the corporal's release, on condition I became answerable that he should never more enter the miser's door, nor hold communication with his daughter, while we remained in the town. To this I at once agreed, when Brady was released, and a new billet allotted to us.

By a fresh arrangement in the commissariat department, I was, a few days after the corporal's liberation, sent on duty to Menin, a small town about two leagues distant from Courtray, situated on the frontier of Belgium,

immediately opposite to the handsome French city and fortress of Lisle ; of which, the late reigning monarch of France, long bore the title of count.

The little town of Menin had been tolerably well fortified, until taken by the French, in the early part of their revolution, when the conquering heroes destroyed all the works around this place.

I was billeted upon Monsieur Flora, one of the chief inhabitants, and a good sort of hospitable man I found him,—what the women call an easy man ; and his wife knew it well, for according to the vulgar proverb, she wore the breeches. This was an odd sort of a lady, and had many fanciful ways ; amongst others, she erected a cupola, or, as she termed it, a pleasure room, at the top of her house, which overlooked all the town, and could only be entered through a trap door at the bottom. It was a pretty little room, quite surrounded and covered over with windows and mirrors ; besides being furnished with a table for refreshments, and a neat sofa to sit upon.

In this delightful retreat, the fair lady con-



trived to amuse herself almost every day; for although she was lusty, and it was rather inconvenient for her to mount the stairs, yet such was her affability, that she never refused shewing a gallant gentleman, the exquisite view of the adjacent country, which could be commanded from her cupola; and sometimes she was so condescending as to have fruits and wine carried into this convenient room, which certainly was a pretty place for taking refreshments in.

But still it was awkward for a bashful man to be alone with Madame Flora in such a situation; because, as soon as the parties had entered the little chamber, it became necessary to lower the trap door, and pull the sofa over it, that they might be enabled to walk round the room, so as to enjoy an uninterrupted view; and when thus situated, Madame Flora, and the gentleman, whoever he might be, were perhaps as much out of the world, and as free from being interrupted, as it is possible to be on the surface of this globe.

I received considerable pleasure during the time I was quartered at Menin, from attending



the village parties and dances of the neighbourhood; for in Flanders, there exists a pleasing custom, by which every village has its annual festival, when the beaus and belles of the adjacent places assemble, to dance and make merry; and as the villages are numerous, these delightful festivals are continually going forward, during the genial seasons of the year, and mirth and gaiety is consequently ever to be found at one place or other.

At these rational meetings, the rich assemble in the same room with the peasant, and thus brotherly love is nurtured and cemented as wisdom and philosophy would advise.

But the most gratifying sight to the philanthropist is to behold the admirable state to which farming is brought in this prolific country, where not a yard of land is wasted, or one field lies fallow; and it is worthy of remark, in searching for the causes of this prosperity, to observe that the business of farming is almost hereditary amongst the Flemish people, where the same farm is usually tenanted for a generation or two by the same family, and the tenant is thus made

to feel no less interest in the good condition of the farm, than the proprietor feels.

It is also worthy of notice, that the farms are invariably small; the land owners having discovered that the farmer who holds merely a sufficiency of land to enable him to support his family, and put a trifling surplus of money away, must, from necessity, work hard, and that he will not be above his business; while, on the other hand, the monopolizer of land becomes a speculator, who ends by making a fortune, or cheating his landlord. But, it will scarcely be credited in some countries, that the average size of Flemish farms does not exceed sixty English acres, upon which the honest farmer rears his family in comfort, and passes an industrious happy life himself.

Amongst the happy effects resulting from these small farms in Belgium, may be enumerated the superior facilities of procuring manure; the numerous population that is comfortably provided for; the steady habits inculcated among the agricultural classes; and the increased supply of food to the community.

I shall conclude these remarks by observing, that the skilful management of a Belgic farmer is almost incredible: his sheep are housed during the inclement seasons, and at other times, pastured on the road sides; his cows are chiefly nourished in spring and summer, by weeds collected from the hedges and ditches, such as young nettles, and other similar nutritious vegetables, the use of which are unknown to the English farmer, though they are boiled here every day when in season, for the cattle, who thrive and grow fat upon them, while the cows give abundance of rich milk. The juicy thistles, after being cut down and dried for a few hours in the sun-beams, are greedily eaten by the horses, with whom this food well agrees; even the growing crops of grain are manured by the attentive farmers, who provide a powerful liquid for this purpose, which is conveyed over the field in bulky casks, drawn upon wheels, and thrown over the shooting grain with a large ladle, like a bucket, fixed to the end of a pole.

## CHAPTER III.

*A gay Lothario.—His Bride's Disaster.*

THERE was a much-admired sort of character, a wine merchant, residing at Menin at the time I was there, whose father died the preceding year, leaving him in possession of a thriving trade and a handsome property. He was a tolerable good-looking man, near forty years of age, and his fame was blazoned throughout the neighbourhood as a professed admirer of female charms, and a successful seducer of virgin innocence; in fact, he was said to be one of those dangerous mortals whose fascinating powers no female could withstand; and we all know that to be considered in this favorable light by the fair sex, is to gain half the victory before the fight is begun.

This dangerous man boasted of the favors of many a pretty girl, who, on her side, accused him of her ruin, though it was generally supposed that his crimes were not so great as his fame. He was rich, vain, and amorous, therefore a convenient person to father the children of love upon, and the country girls all knew it. At last, growing weary of paying so dear for his pleasures, and finding his paternal cares increase faster than he desired, he cast his eyes about him in search of a wife, nor was he long in discovering the amiable kind of woman that he sought after.

The lady whom he coveted was the buxom widow of an old lawyer of Dixmude, long deservedly celebrated both for his avarice and his gluttony, and who was choaked gormandising at a client's feast, bequeathing his fair spouse all his ill-gotten wealth.

The lawyer had now been dead upwards of a year, and his widow was about thirty-five years old, and a jolly fat lady she was, with a rump like a south Beveland woman, or, more elegantly speaking, a Hottentot Venus; though, because she had been educated in

Paris, from whence few genuine good articles are exported, most people doubted whether it was all really her own; yet her riches had doubtless assisted her charms in procuring admirers, for she already had received and rejected numerous proposals of marriage.

But there was no resisting the gallant wine merchant, whom Bacchus and Cupid combined to assist. Like Cæsar, this hero, *veni, vidi, vici*—the widow would yield herself only to the wine merchant. Preliminary matters were comfortably adjusted between the fond couple; it was settled they should be married at Menin, and, immediately after the ceremony, proceed in the bridegroom's cabriolet to Dixmude, to pass the honey-moon there.

Accordingly, on the day preceding the one fixed upon for the nuptials, the buxom widow made her appearance in Menin, and staid with her friend, Madame Flora, till the joyful time arrived for the hymenial ceremony.

It was prudently intended by the lovers that their design of being united that morning should be known only to their select friends

in the town ; but fame was troublesome on this gay occasion, and her trumpet pealed the news throughout the adjacent country ; consequently, every girl of the wine merchant's acquaintance, and her sisters and cousins, to the remotest degree, assembled from the villages about Menin to witness the wedding of the general deceiver. It was a gay sight to behold the pretty maids, who were all clad in their best garments, whilst the brightest colored ribbons adorned their heads, and encircled their slender forms.

It was a fine Sunday morning, and most of the inhabitants, availing themselves of the leisure day, assembled near the church, to view the happy pair ; while the straggling soldiers, and passengers of every kind, naturally enough joined in the crowd, where I happened to make one ; and Corporal Brady was there, for Brady loved merry sights of every sort.

There was a good deal of giggling, and some exclamations of "shame," and "seducer," heard amongst the crowd, as the loving parties went hand in hand into the



church ; though nothing more particular then occurred. But it was when they came out of the consecrated building, that the most amusing part of the scene took place.

The happy bridegroom marched out of the church with his fair bride leaning on his arm, and placing her carefully in his cabriolet amidst the reproaches of many pretty girls ; though, doubtless, these reproaches either stung his conscience, or mortified his feelings, for he appeared eager to escape from the assembled crowd ; and had no sooner seated his charmer than he ran round the vehicle, jumped into his seat, seized the whip and reins, and gave the horse a smart lash, to urge him forward,

The willing beast obeyed his master's pleasure ; but, alas ! some cunning rogue had unfastened the traces from the splinter-bar, yet left them hitched to it in such a manner, that the trick had not been discerned ;<sup>st</sup> so that when the generous animal moved, the driver, from having hold of the reins, was impelled forward, and immediately fell between the shafts of the gig, whilst his bride, his loving



bride was balanced in an awkward sort of a manner for several seconds after the shafts had fallen to the ground, when the gravity of her body getting the better of her inclination, she pitched forward, falling exactly upon the top of her head on the prostrate body of her amorous spouse, and such a sight as she then exhibited was worth paying any money to behold.

In a word, the bride's petticoats fell completely around her head, so that fortunately not a blush was to be seen in her face, but her unprotected posteriors were for some time elevated in the air, facing the road she had to travel in so very conspicuous a manner, that every body was convinced there was nothing false about them; meanwhile, her lower extremities rested against the apron of the gig, and for a time she appeared to be immoveably fixed in this painful attitude.

The shouts of the crowd now resounded through the air, and honest Brady I thought would have killed himself with laughter, though his powerful voice was once heard crying out that by Jasus, the sight beat

cock-fighting: but the corporal's gallantry soon distinguished itself, for, seizing an umbrella from a bye-stander, he hastily opened it, and running to the lovely bride's assistance, shielded her from the gaze of the multitude, whilst he adjusted her dress, and helped her upon her legs.

The loving couple were conveyed with some difficulty through the insulting mob to the house of Monsieur Flora, from whence they took their departure at night, in a close carriage, to pass the honey-moon at Dixmude.

## CHAPTER IV.

*The Invectives of a Military Commander at Ostend against a Purser.—Clinton is stationed at Ath.—His Remarks.*

I REMAINED at Menin until the unexpected return of Napoleon to Paris, after his hundred day's banishment; and the consequent flight of Louis XVIII. and the rest of that royal family, most of whom effected their hasty escape out of France by entering Flanders at this place, through which they were accompanied by a few French gentlemen, and followed by a few more.

The event of Napoleon's return immediately set our army in motion; fresh regiments daily arrived from England, and all the troops were consequently often marched to new stations; for, according to Brady's

expression at the time,—“ By Jasus, that man always bothered people’s wigs.”

In the first instance I was sent to Ostend, to receive some stores newly arrived from England; nor did I enter this strong fortress without musing upon the gallant deeds often displayed here by my countrymen in ancient times; and also pondering in my mind, how Calais and this place must always have remained in our hands, had a line of able monarchs swayed the British sceptre. But the vigour of our administration for more than a century past, perhaps inspires us with too much contempt for most of our preceding governments.

Whilst I was sitting in a coffee-room, on the day of my arrival, a number of military officers entered it together, who, it appeared, belonged to the same regiment, and had just landed with the soldiers under their command from the Porpoise store-ship, and I immediately observed some of these gentlemen appeared in great anger, but most particularly the commanding-officer, who complained to

the other officers, in somewhat like the following language.

“What, gentlemen,” said he, “could the fellow mean? Did he take us for the marines belonging to his ship; or what the devil did he take us for? A pretty business, if we were to be humbugged in this manner, by a son of a b—h of a purser too. By G—, gentlemen, I have served twenty years, but I never before saw such an attempt at humbug as this. What, banyan day they call it, and be damned to ’em. And what’s banyan day to a soldier? He has enough of ’em when he can’t help himself; but he’s not fool enough to campaign without solid food when he can get it. The captain too, he leant towards the purser for a long time, so I suppose there’s some profit in this banyan business, and who knows but they share it together. However, they had an old soldier to deal with for once, and I was not to be humbugged by ’em. My men have got their rum and beef to march with, whilst the purser keeps his sugar, flour, and butter. Besides, he’ll remember this day for some time

to come, for the captain and him have quarrelled, and Mr. Butterchops is in arrest."

In this strain of invective, the commanding officer indulged himself for a considerable time; and from what I collected, it appeared that his regiment had been brought from England in the Porpoise store ship, from which it had disembarked on what in the navy was termed a banyan day; and as the soldiers were to receive their provisions previous to quitting the ship, that they might march from Ostend directly they landed, the purser had, with due attention to his own profit, tried to issue out the usual banyan allowance to them, which the regimental commanding officer would not permit his soldiers to receive; the consequences of which were, that the purser laid the affair before the captain of the ship, who, on his part, was desirous of supporting him, though when he found the military officer obstinate, he directed the purser to issue other rations, which that gentleman objected to doing, unless he first obtained the captain's written order to that effect; and the enraged captain immediately put him in arrest,



and ordered the other kind of rations to be issued to the troops.

For my part, I was not interested in this dispute, nor did I care one straw whether the captain and purser gained or lost by retaining the flour and butter; only, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the story, I could not avoid thinking that this sort of foolish misunderstanding might as well be guarded against; and which has most happily been done, by his Majesty's late salutary regulations.

No sooner were the stores I had been sent for delivered into my care at Ostend, than I received instructions to proceed with them to Ath, in which town I remained stationed, till the sudden irruption of Buonaparte into Belgium caused the scattered British troops to be assembled with the greatest possible precipitation.

It was my good fortune to receive much civility at Ath from that distinguished British general who commanded the division of the army which had its head-quarters in this town, and who acted a most conspicuous part in the great and decisive battle which soon

followed, as he had also done, during the arduous campaigns of the whole war; and to tell that this general is remarkable for hospitality and suavity of manners is the duty of that person who speaks of him at all.

I also met with much politeness from an amiable colonel of the German legion; a man who would have been an honor to any age or country. He commanded a brigade of the legion his own regiment belonged to, and fell fighting at the head of his troops by a cruel death, having his watch forced into his bowels by a grape-shot, from which his lingering agonies became so great, that he vainly entreated those soldiers to kill him, who would themselves have died in his service.

These little tributes of gratitude are due from me; and if they prove uninteresting, the motives which actuate me in paying them, will plead my apology for the performance of a duty.



## CHAPTER V.

*Observations upon the short Campaign of 1815.—Singular good Fortune of the British General.—Anecdote of a Scotch Captain.*

I SHALL not attempt any relation of the sudden movement of the French army into Flanders, nor of the sanguinary battles which immediately followed upon its advance ; for this is the office of the historian, who frequently has attempted the task.

But I may justly observe, that Europe stands indebted to the steady and vigorous policy of the British cabinet for the prompt termination of this short but most desperate war ; and that the debt of gratitude on this glorious occasion is imperiously due to the royal duke, whose unremitting care, for numerous years,

brought the British army to the highest state of discipline and perfection.

As to the bravery of the soldier it is proverbial; and has always been evinced in the same heroic manner; and as long as the British constitution remains unshaken, there need be no apprehensions of the English character degenerating. The soldiers of this nation require nothing more of their general than to lead them to the enemy, when, however inferior their force, it will not be their fault if that enemy is not conquered; whilst the honest soldier afterwards feels as proud of the victory, from which perhaps his share of the prize-money may be sufficient to buy a pair of shoes, as the general can possibly feel, who is ennobled, and makes a princely fortune by it.

Almost every writer has reasoned in a different way upon the consequences resulting from the great victory obtained by the British army; some have asserted that had Buonaparte gained this battle, his fall would nevertheless have soon followed, from the overwhelming forces that were advancing against him from various quarters. For my part, I strongly doubt it;

for when he was once at Brussels, and the British army beaten, he would have obtained the resources of Belgium both in men and money, whilst the lingering conscription of France would have stepped forward, new courage have been infused into their veteran troops, and the French administration have become more vigorous. Besides, who knows what Austria might have done, or whether some other states might not have proved fickle.

But to leave useless reasoning on the subject, I may with great truth observe, that of all fortunate conquerors, the British general perhaps is the most fortunate upon record ; for passing over the sudden irruption of the French army, when he was employed at Brussels, and numerous other lucky events, I shall merely notice that Napoleon's orders not reaching Marshal Grouchy on the day of the grand struggle, and the Prussians coming to the aid of the British at the close of the battle, when Grouchy was expected, were unparalleled instances of good fortune to this general, who, had he lived in the times of ancient mythology,

must have erected a temple to the goddess of Fortune, or else have been considered the most ungrateful of mortals.

Though I studiously avoid touching on the historian's office, by making any attempt at describing the frightful scene occasioned by the great final struggle, I shall perform the office of friendship, by recording the melancholy situation in which I beheld a gallant Scotch officer of my acquaintance, on the day following the glorious victory.

This captain, who it is to be observed, had lost the cap of his right shoulder by a musket shot in Spain, lay amongst a crowd of wounded, in the small house near which Napoleon took his station during the battle, with his left arm cut off and thrown by his side. He was sensible and composed, and as he lay in this miserable condition, with one arm just amputated, and the other almost useless, I spoke to him, and asked him how he felt, on which he told me that his greatest sufferings arose from a kick he had received two days before from an ass, and which still caused him to spit blood.

It gives me great pleasure to add that this meritorious officer outlived these afflictions, and partly recovered the use of his right arm, whilst the royal commander of our army rewarded his services, by the majority of a regiment of veterans; and his grateful country added to his comforts by the grant of a pension.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Clinton arrives at Paris.—His Landlady.*

I WITNESSED nothing of moment during the advance of the British troops to Paris, which soon followed the decisive victory they had obtained. The devastations committed on this march were less than usually take place on such occasions, which must be attributed both to the excellent discipline of the British troops, and the rapidity of our advance, which left the soldiers and followers of the army but little leisure for straggling, or committing wanton mischief. Nevertheless, as the troops advanced into France at a season of the year when the crops were ripening, there was unavoidably a great quantity of grain trodden down and spoilt; and thereby, as is customary in war, the innocent were the greatest sufferers.

Although the British troops were mostly encamped in the vicinity of the French capital, I had the good luck to obtain a billet in the *Rue de Mont Blanc* at Paris; for the commissaries and staff officers are invariably better provided for in this way, than those drudges called regimental officers. My billet was upon a lady occupying an elegant house, but I had no opportunity of seeing her on my arrival, as she was then confined to her bed, under the care of an accoucheur, having given birth to a son on the preceding day. However, I had excellent quarters allotted me, and Brady felt quite at home with the housekeeper.

Rather a singular circumstance occurred on the day after I obtained this billet. A gentleman called and made numerous enquiries of the servant about her mistress; when having thoroughly satisfied himself of the condition of the lady, and expressed great pleasure at her safe delivery, he told the servant, to whom he was a stranger, that he had just arrived in Paris, after a long voyage from Martinique, where he had resided for the two preceding



years, but as he had some urgent business to execute in a sea-port town, far distant from Paris, he would now proceed there, and return back exactly on that day month, when, he desired the servant to tell her mistress he should come home ; and that it was his wish that the little stranger, of which she had been safely delivered, should be provided for out of his house, previous to the day fixed upon for his return.

Having expressed his pleasure in this clear manner, the gentleman took his departure, and the servant lost no time in communicating the message to her mistress, who heard it without much surprise.

The plain story was, that the stranger was her complaisant husband, who had been absent from France for nearly three years on commercial business ; and very probably, the good man was agreeably surprised on his return to Paris, at hearing that his wife had only had one accouchement during his absence.

I received great pleasure soon after my arrival at Paris, from meeting my old friend,



Wright, and a number of other officers belonging to his regiment, though this pleasure was much alloyed by learning the fate of Captain Grove, who, according to the lieutenant's account, had retired upon half pay, a victim to the grossest misrepresentation and injustice.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Clinton mingles with Rank and Fashion.*

MY ancestor's earldom having become extinct, the chief part of the family estates had devolved upon the female issue of his son, a lady somewhat younger than myself.

This lady had received her education in Ireland, where her principal estate is situated, and consequently I had never seen her; but whilst I was in Paris, my father availed himself of the opportunity of sending me a letter by her, as she had to pass through Paris on her way to Italy, where she was recommended by her physician to proceed for the benefit of her health, which had been very delicate for some time.

This young lady had lost both her parents, and was travelling to Italy under the pro-

tection of a maiden aunt, while I was ignorant there was such a person in Paris, or that my father had written to me by her, when a dashing English equipage drove up to the door of my billet, and astonished me, as I stood at the window, to conceive what great English family it could be visiting the chaste mistress of the mansion.

But I was still more astonished at Brady's entering my room, rubbing his hands, and putting on one of his cunning looks, as he informed me that two elegant ladies in a carriage at the door waited to see me. "And, by Jasus," added the corporal, "they must be first-rate people, for I've not seen four such pretty horses, or such a rich livery in Paris before."

I descended, and was agreeably surprised by receiving my father's letter from the fair hand of the youngest lady, and at the same time discovering who she was. They were both extremely kind and affable; and the young lady, who, for greater convenience, I will call by her christian name of Fanny, observed that we were distant relations, between whom unnecessary ceremony might be avoided; and,

therefore she hoped I would dine with her aunt and her that day.

I scarcely need tell that I accepted of the invitation, and a delightful evening I passed, being entertained by my fair relative after dinner with a few tunes on the piano-forte and harp, which, in spite of my want of ear for music, gave me exquisite pleasure, there being always something so unaccountably bewitching to admiring man, in the performance of female youth and beauty, no matter what sort of ear he may possess.

I have said that Miss Fanny was on her way to Italy, and it may be expected I should say something of her appearance and manners. In regard to the latter, she was superior (at least in my eyes) to any other female I ever beheld; but she was not what the world calls beautiful; for though her features were fine, her complexion fair, her eyes sparkling, and her figure admirable, yet the very slender appearance of the latter, added to a pallid hue, and rather a pensive cast on her countenance, doubtless occasioned by the delicate state of her health, made her more an object to attract the soft

passion of pity, than that of the softer one of love. In a word, to pourtray my feelings, I may say, that I felt that kind of anxiety for her safety which made me wish myself her nurse.

The natural consequences arising from the large fortune and high connexions of my fair relative were, that her society was much coveted by the first circles, while she had numerous admirers; and enterprising fortune-hunters of all kinds considered her as fair game. She visited all the English nobility in Paris; and our ambassador invited her to his parties.

The aunt seemed to be a good sort of a woman; but she acted more as mistress of the house and servants than her niece did, while she watched pretty closely into the conduct of those who visited the young lady, and seemed very suspicious of almost all the young men of their acquaintance.

It was my good fortune at this party to make myself agreeable to both the aunt and niece, and on taking my leave at night, I received a general invitation to dine with them

every day during the short time they proposed remaining in Paris, and also to escort them as one of the family to the different parties they might frequent. This invitation gave me infinite satisfaction, and I took my departure from their hotel, with a fixed determination of benefiting by it on every occasion.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*A Ball.—Re-appearance of Baron Schin,  
the Count, and Jack Junk.*

IT so happened there was a great ball given by a celebrated French duke on the evening of the day which followed my happy introduction to the fair heiress and her aunt, and I had the honor of accompanying these ladies to it.

I had been given to understand this ball would be a most brilliant affair, and as the reigning monarch had already resumed the old custom of his predecessors, whereby every courtier's coat must have a star, cross, and order or two stuck upon it, I dare say the ball might afford a brilliant sight to a Frenchman, though, in plain honesty, it must have appeared an harlequin sort of a display to



every man in the company who chanced to devote one moment to reflection.

I was a mere looker-on at this ball ; for of the two ladies under my care, one had past her dancing days, while the other was in too delicate a state of health to participate in that amusement ; and to dance with any other female was quite foreign to my thoughts. But I was a good deal annoyed by the officious intrusions of numerous French gentlemen, and others who incessantly tormented Miss Fanny to dance ; and although I ought to have borne in mind that great men are to be found in exalted company, I was simple enough to be greatly surprised when the Verdun count and my friend, the redoubtable Baron Schin, made their appearance together, bedizened with stars and crosses, and yet they familiarly addressed me.

I did not feel overpleased at this renewal of my acquaintance with the great count, although when I reflected on the principality I own I felt some reverence towards him ; but he soon became devilish officious, and I once thought, he would make the heiress dance



with him, whether she liked it or not. At times I was half inclined to be rude to the count, but then he was so kind and affable, that I forgot my anger; and in short, how this meeting would have terminated, whether by the renewal of our former intimacy, or by an open rupture, I am at a loss to guess, had it not happened that the noble count met with the following interruption to his gallantry. He was earnestly engaged in an interesting conversation with the heiress, about the principality, his noble blood, and her exquisite beauty, when a rude, but too well known voice, sounded loudly from behind him, in the old strain; "So, you say a midshipman's no gentleman, you swab! but, out with your toasting-fork, if you dare, and I'll soon teach you better manners, you German bully, I will!"

I had often experienced pleasure at hearing the voice of Jack Junk, but on no other occasion had it given me such exquisite delight as at this moment; and while I turned round to greet the noble fellow, the magnanimous count disappeared, without either apologizing

to the lady, or completing his speech, nor was he seen more at the ball.

But Jack Junk, after expressing his satisfaction at meeting me, and asking the baron how he did, saluted this nobleman as follows: "Why now, Baron Schin, mayhap you know where that lubber of a count rides at anchor, and if so, do a good turn, and tell him from me, that a midshipman is a gentleman; but howsoever, as he don't think so, say that Lieutenant Junk, of the royal navy, expects satisfaction for the old insult at Verdun, and will fall upon the count with his stick, whenever he meets him, unless the swab fights him as a gentleman ought to do."

I now congratulated my friend the lieutenant upon his promotion, and having introduced him to the ladies, and seated ourselves, he whispered to me, that he had come to Paris on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Von Hogan, to whom he was now spliced; and that Monsieur Von Hogan's interest with a British peer, who owed him some cash, had got my friend made a lieutenant, with the promise of obtaining higher

promotion as soon as he was qualified. "But what pleases me most," continued Jack, "is, that Von Hogan has sold off his property at Cherbourg, and is going to settle in England; and this I consider very kind of him," resumed the lieutenant, after a pause; "for the French government wanted him to stay here and buy nobility, by being made a marquis; but, howsoever," concluded the sailor, "the old gentleman knew better than to be humbugged in such a silly way as this."

## CHAPTER IX.

*A Dinner Party, and the ludicrous  
Adventure which followed.*

MY cousin, for such I was permitted to call her, although our consanguinity was further removed, was much pleased with the blunt honest character of Jack Junk; while her aunt and her enjoyed a hearty laugh at the laconic manner taken by him in driving the troublesome count away. But when I had availed myself of a favorable opportunity, afforded by his speaking to a friend in the ball room, of telling the ladies something of the nobleness of his character, the origin of my acquaintance with him, and his recent marriage, they became extremely desirous of knowing more of the lieutenant; and upon our parting with him, they requested he would

oblige them by waving ceremony, as they were merely birds of passage, and bringing Mrs. Junk, who had not been at the ball, to dinner with them on the following day. The lieutenant cheerfully accepted of the invitation for himself, and promised to bring his wife with him, if she was disengaged,

Meanwhile, Corporal Brady, who had been put into high spirits by meeting with Lieutenant Wright, and his numerous friends of the regiment, was elevated to the greatest possible pitch of glee, when I informed him, on my return home at night, of my meeting with Lieutenant Junk ; and he had substantial cause for rejoicing on the following morning, when the naval lieutenant called upon me, and shaking hands with Brady, slipped ten louis' into the corporal's fist, telling him at the same time, he should always be welcome to a snug birth, and a full allowance of grog in his house.

My friend Junk, was as good as his word; and brought his wife to dine at my cousin's, where, shortly after dinner, our harmony was disturbed by the entrance of one of the foot-

men with a letter for his young mistress, which, after apologizing, she perused, and then handed to her aunt, whilst that lady, after reading it, asked the servant where the person was who gave the letter, and received a reply, that the gentleman waited in the parlor; on which she desired the footman to attend in the anti-chamber till called for; and as soon as he had withdrawn, she read aloud to the company a letter written in the French language, of which the following is a translation:

“ADORABLE MISS,

“I can exist no longer without laying open my warm heart to you,—that heart which beats with love alone, and allows my jaded frame no rest. I have not closed my eyes, fair lady, since I beheld your exquisite charms; and I must die if you prove deaf to my prayer. Cursed be that ruffian sailor who disturbed the declaration I was making of my passion: he is a wretch too vile for a gentleman to meet, or I should severely chastise him.

“ O, angelic female! deign to listen graciously to my vows. I offer you the hand and honors of an ancient count of the empire, whose noble blood flows pure and unmixed; and though I feel that your perfections deserve the alliance of a sovereign, yet arbitrary laws render it impracticable for any ruling prince to be blessed by obtaining you; therefore, sweet lady, I am not presumptuous in aspiring to your hand, for few mortals, except the anointed rulers of the earth, can boast such lofty honors as your truly-devoted slave. But I forget exalted birth, and the princely stream within my veins, when I think of her without whom they can afford me no pleasure.

Fair lady, I attend your gracious answer, and your commands, when and where I am to wait upon you,

And am, most adorable miss,

Your faithful, admiring lover,

COUNT DE R——.”

The honest lieutenant and I were ready to



split our sides with laughter whilst this epistle was reading, but when it was finished, and our laughter had subsided, Lieutenant Junk insisted upon the office of clearing the house of the noble intruder, and accordingly sallied out of the room without more words, to perform his voluntary engagement.

A switch belonging to the footman happened to stand outside the door, and with this in his hand he rapidly descended the stairs, but the wily count, who was peeping from the parlor door, got a sight of him, when Jack, spying how matters were, began vociferating the old theme,—“ So, you say a midshipman’s no gentleman, you swab, &c.” but the count, doubtless, heard very little of this speech, for he fled like a shot out of the street door. The gallant seaman followed as fast as he was able, though I suspect he would have seen no more of the count, but for the ill-luck of that nobleman, who, in his great haste to escape, ran against an old woman, whom he knocked down and tumbled over; still, such was his activity in rising, and his speed in running,



that the sailor could not come up with him; till at length, either from being bewildered with terror of his pursuer, or hoping for assistance, he dashed into the large coffee-room at the corner of the *Place Vendôme*, and Lieutenant Junk dashed in after him. The count called loudly for assistance against a madman, yet none of the company or waiters seemed inclined to meddle with the sailor, who unmolestedly whipped the proud nobleman round the room, over the legs and back, with the switch; after which, that high-blooded German count escaped up-stairs, and the lieutenant troubled himself no further about him.

I had followed close behind Lieutenant Junk, and consequently witnessed all the transaction; nor could I avoid smiling at discovering the redoubtable Baron Schin, who was comfortably seated in this coffee-room, like a thorough-bred foreign gentleman, having a glass of water and some sugar before him; nor did he attempt to assist his friend, the count, or shew any other concern in the

adventure, than by extending his hand over his face when the hostile parties approached near to him, as if to protect his false whiskers, and the artificial tooth which had been substituted in place of the one knocked out by Purveyor White.

## CHAPTER X.

*The African Adonis.—A double Discovery.*

THERE was a very remarkable-looking black man belonging to the band of Lieutenant Wright's regiment; he was almost a giant in height, while his limbs were extremely athletic, and his back twice the breadth of any other man's in the corps; his neck was thick, like a bull's, but his face, for who is found perfect? was considered, by those who professed skill in judging of the beauty of a black, to be frightfully ugly; his nose lay quite flat, the nostrils resting upon his glossy cheeks, while his tremendous mouth and blubber lips had been allowed, even in the slave-trade, to be the largest ever exported from Africa.

This extraordinary man, doubtless for some good quality or other, my friend Wright had

taken a great fancy to, and was in the habit of employing on many such services as Brady formerly rendered his assistance in performing; and, to do the black justice, it ought to be confessed he was a droll, good-tempered fellow; though, evidently, Wright himself thought him no beauty, for he usually called him by the familiar name of *his Adonis*.

This black, from being a great favorite with the lieutenant, as naturally became a great favorite with Corporal Brady, who treated him like a friend and brother, cheerfully sharing his meals, and making him otherwise quite at home, whenever he visited our quarters; and no doubt this kind behaviour on the part of the corporal was very pleasing to the African, for he afforded the best proof in his power of its being so, by using Brady's billet as his own, whenever he could steal away from his regiment, which was at least one-half of his time, he being so great a favorite in the corps, that he could obtain almost any indulgence.

But strange as it may appear, it is no less true, that the mistress of our house became

alarmed, in consequence of the black visiting the corporal. She, by chance, had seen him from her window (for I should observe that the lady now began to stir about), and by a message she sent me, she declared, that she had been so shocked at seeing this devil, that unless I meant to cause her death, by a repetition of the sight, I must give orders to my servant never more to let the frightful monster enter, or quit her doors, during the light of day. "Besides, sir," continued the messenger, still addressing me, "my mistress is afraid that if her young newly-married female cousin, who is extremely delicate and nervous, happens to see the black giant, it will be the instant death of her."

The notification of this female's delicacy was very galling to the corporal; however, he could not do otherwise than comply with our hostess's wishes, and therefore, when his colossal friend called that same day, he communicated the affair to him, though in as delicate a way as he could.

The black, as I've already observed, was a good-natured fellow; and he now proved it,

by receiving the communication without being offended; but unfortunately, having to attend a parade that day, he was obliged to deviate from the lady's mandate, by quitting the house, and, as fortune would have it, he ran right against the delicate, nervous, and newly-married young female cousin, as he went out of the gateway, though, luckily, she did not seem much alarmed at his appearance.

I happened to see the fair creature enter, and I can positively declare, that she was one of the most delicate little white-skinned women I ever beheld; nor did she appear to be more than eighteen years old.

She paid this visit to inform the mistress of our billet that she was going to lose her dear husband for a few days, in consequence of urgent business calling him to a distant province of France; and that it was her intention, during his absence, that her nerves might not be shaken by troublesome visitors, to retire to her pretty little cottage at Clichy, a village near Paris, where, like a solitary dove, she could mourn the absence of her mate.

Her more experienced friend highly ap-

proved of the young lady's prudence, and favored her with numerous cautions regarding the preservation of her delicate constitution; particularly guarding her against suffering her nervous system to be agitated by violence of any kind, and therefore telling her not to grieve too much for the short absence of her dear husband.

Now to bring this story to a conclusion, it is necessary to say, that the dear husband of this young lady returned to Paris two days before he was expected, and happening to arrive at a very early hour in the morning, he proceeded immediately to join his tender dove at the pretty little cottage at Clichy, where the old confidential maid, who alone was living with her mistress in the country, owing to not expecting her master to return so soon, unguardedly let him in at the street door, and the longing husband directly flew to his poor nervous wife's chamber, when dreadful was his astonishment, to find her in bed, with the glossy negro locked in her delicate white arms.

This was really so awkward a discovery,



that the poor man for some time afterwards talked of being separated from his nervous partner, whose frailty in this adventure was almost too much for the stomach of a young married Frenchman to digest.

As to the black Adonis, who had taken a sort of fancy to the nervous lady, he felt so very angry at the surprise, as to forget his customary prudence, insomuch, that he told Corporal Brady, the mistress of our house was at the bottom of the affair, in revenge for his not partaking of her favors, as he had done every night for a week before.

## CHAPTER XI.

*A Dialogue between a French Marquis and a Dutchman.—A Digression, and the Consequences.*

AMONGST the company who visited at my fair cousin's, was a French marquis of the ancient noblesse, whose father, owing to having some connections in Ireland, for which he was indebted to the marriage of a sister with an Irish gentleman, had emigrated to that country at the commencement of the revolution in France, and had resided for many years amongst his affinity in the town adjoining my cousin's large estate.

This had led to an acquaintance between the parents of my fair cousin and the old marquis; while the aunt, who now resided with Fanny, out of respect to the memory of the

old marquis, thought proper to invite his son, this young nobleman, to their hotel in Paris. He was consequently often at my cousin's, and a more finical coxcomb I never saw. His dresses were numerous, but always in an extreme of the fashion ; he rarely hazarded his white fingers from within-side of the most delicate gloves ; and with perfumes and snuff he stunk every place where he moved. His person was well enough, but his manners were detestable, uniting all the frippery of the Italian to the buffoonery of the French, while, to render him completely disgusting, he was perpetually boasting of the old race of Gallic kings, and the ancient noblesse of France. Besides, he was irritable to an extreme, and incapable of suffering contradiction with the smallest patience.

This nobleman generally made one at our dinner parties, for if he was not asked, he came without an invitation, as, like many of his countrymen, he had an eye to the heiress.

One day when the marquis was present, Lieutenant Junk, who was engaged to dine with us, brought with him to dinner a Dutch

gentleman, called Mynheer Fagel, who the lieutenant felt desirous of paying every attention to, as he had been especially recommended to the notice of his father-in-law by his correspondent at Amsterdam.

This Dutch gentleman's character and appearance were the very opposite to those of the noble marquis. He was a young man, about five-and-twenty, though he dressed in the plain manner of an older person, and seemed to despise ceremony of every kind. His descent was from an ancient and most distinguished Dutch family, his education was excellent, and he was master of a large fortune; but his character was so extremely phlegmatic, or, as his friends called it, so philosophic, that it was next to impossible to discompose him.

After the ladies had adjourned to the drawing-room, the French marquis entered into a spirited conversation with Mynheer Fagel, of which the following dialogue formed a part.

*Marquis.*—You Dutch are a fortunate people, Mr. Fagel, in being united, under your own sovereign, with the Flemish race.

*Fagel.*—That's as it may turn out, marquis; but I hope it will prove so.

*Marquis.*—It can't be otherwise, Mr. Fagel; there are such numerous blessings under a monarchical form of government.

*Fagel.*—That may be, sir, under a limited monarchy, like that of England for instance

*Marquis* —You surprise me, Mr. Fagel; a limited monarchy is the worst of all monarchies. A king ought to reign despotically over all classes of his subjects, and the nobility, as his delegates, over the untitled people.

*Fagel.*—You recommend a strange theory, and, I suppose, would enforce the practice of it by a foreign soldiery.

*Marquis.*—A king ought to have foreign guards, sir.

*Fagel.*—And by the same rule, to be surrounded by those flatterers called courtiers, and deaf to the complaints of his people.

*Marquis.*—It is the business of his ministers, sir, to bring proper complaints to his royal ear.

*Fagel.*—I am astonished at your reasoning,

marquis; you seem to forget, that a king who is surrounded by flatterers, will have flatterers for his ministers, who to prevent truth from reaching him, will cut off the direct communication between the sovereign and his subjects.

*Marquis.*—Your reasoning is exactly what I should have expected from a Dutchman.

*Fagel.*—I reason, marquis, like a man guided by a spirit of patriotism; and I boldly assert, that the power of a sceptre is dependant on the justice by which it is swayed.

*Marquis* —The chief supporters of a despotic throne are the nobility and the troops, Mr. Fagel.

*Fagel.*—You talk nonsense, marquis. What are the nobility under a despotic government, but a set of leeches who lull the patient asleep, while they drain from his vigor. And he who thinks of depending alone on the soldiers, will do well in reflecting upon the examples of the Roman and eastern emperors.

*Marquis.*—You have republican ideas, Mr. Fagel, and deserve to be sent out of France.



*Fagel.*—On the contrary, marquis, I am a real well-wisher to your government.

*Marquis.*—Your insult of the nobility affords but a bad proof of it, sir.

*Fagel.*—Why, to speak my sentiments candidly, marquis, I think the nobility of France are too numerous ; besides, unfortunately, you are all courtiers. No French nobleman, unless disgraced, seeming able to exist far out of sight of the Tuilleries.

*Marquis.*—And so, sir, you have the assurance to charge against us our loyalty as a crime ?

*Fagel.*—No, marquis. But I think it might be exerted in a better manner, than by seeking places and pensions.

*Marquis.*—Your ignorance pleads your excuse, Mr. Fagel, for gross vulgarity and want of respect to distinguished nobility.

*Fagel.*—When, marquis, I see a nobleman entitled to respect, I pay it to him ; but really your titles, orders, crosses, and flummery of one sort or other, have become so redundant, and the conduct of their possessors generally



so execrable, that I never think of seeking for any really honorable distinction of character, except amongst unadorned citizens.

This speech was too much for the noble marquis, who, transported with rage, and at the same time, as his ill stars would have it, happening to have his snuff-box open in his hand, so completely forgot himself, as to jerk the contents right into Mynheer Fagel's face.

The phlegmatic Dutchman, with great composure, took out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his face, though the snuff had so distressed and blinded his eyes, that it was a considerable time before he recovered the use of them; but no sooner was this object attained, than he addressed his opponent, by observing that this had been a digression from the argument, which the marquis had best now resume, as he was perfectly prepared to reply to him.

The astonished nobleman, who apparently trembled with apprehensions of what might follow his hasty conduct, now seemed delighted

at this unexpected encouragement ; although before he resumed the argument, he attempted to apologise for his former behaviour, but the Dutchman calmly assured him it was superfluous, and the marquis went on with the old conversation.

I shall not attempt a continuation of the dialogue between these gentlemen, it being sufficient to mention, that it was carried on with great warmth and spirit, on the side of the Frenchman, and with cutting irony, and great skill and knowledge by the phlegmatic Dutchman, who often irritated the marquis almost to madness.

But I must remark, that Mynheer Fagel during this discussion gave it as his opinion, that it was bad policy in the French to pay a set of Swiss soldiers at a much higher rate than their own national troops ; and still worse policy to give a couple of thousand Parisian *gendarmes* five times more money than the same number of fighting soldiers ; nor did it appear to him a wise measure, continued the Dutchman, for a new government to

suffer a stop to be put to the public works began by an old one, particularly such an undertaking as the supply of pure water to nearly a million of souls, who pined for the want of it.

As to the miserable system of taxing bread, meat, and similar articles of life, resumed Mynheer Fagel, and the more miserable way of collecting these taxes at the gates of every town, both were far too paltry for discussion, as were also many other things he had named to the noble marquis.

But I need go no farther into the Dutch gentleman's arguments, which were continued with perfect composure on his side for upwards of one hour, after the hasty digression made by the French nobleman, and were then put an end to only by our rising to take coffee with the ladies.

Yet strange as it may appear, that same night Lieutenant Junk was the bearer of a challenge from Mynheer Fagel, who would accept of no apology from the marquis; and the parties consequently met in the *Bois de Boulogne* at daylight on the following

morning, when the Frenchman's ball missed his antagonist, and the more steady Dutchman shot off two of the prettiest white fingers that ever graced a noble marquis's hand.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Clinton's Landlord becomes jealous of the African.— The Consequences.*

MY landlord came home according to his promise ; and his wife and him went on very smoothly together, the good woman expressing considerable uneasiness at his altered condition and appearance, caused by long exposure in the torrid zone. As to the little stranger it was never mentioned, having doubtless been provided for in the foundling hospital of Paris. The husband was a good-humored facetious sort of a gentleman, and used to laugh beyond expression at the story of the ugly black and his own fair cousin ; nor did he ever see the African enter his house to visit Corporal Brady, without falling into a

roar of merriment. As is customary with sugar planters, he considered negroes as creatures of an inferior class to mankind ; though, at the same time, as animals of labor, he held them in high estimation, insomuch that he would at any time rather give a hundred pounds for a strong black than lend a hundred pence to his brother.

Now, it may be observed, that this gentleman, according to the custom of Frenchmen, slept in a separate room from his wife ; and happening one morning to rise earlier than usual, he unfortunately saw the black Adonis in a passage leading from his spouse's apartment ; and so far was he on this occasion from feeling the mirth usual to him, on discovering the black, that he was even moved to anger at the sight of his glossy face.

I make little question that had the gentleman at this moment possessed the sort of authority over this African which planters at Martinique have vested in them for the punishment of slaves, that, without much enquiry into his conduct, and regardless of the merri-

ment he had occasioned, he would immediately have had him chastised in a most bitter manner ; but this not being the case, he sought redress through a different channel.

Without uttering a word of complaint, or even appearing to have noticed the good-humored black, he posted away to the nearest guard-house, and shortly afterwards returned, accompanied by a couple of soldiers of the national guard. As to the African, quite unsuspecting of danger, and probably armed with the feelings of innocence, he was sitting very tranquilly in Brady's room, chatting with the corporal, when these messengers of justice arrived.

Now, it may not be improper to mention, that in Paris a mob of three or four hundred people would quickly disperse at the command of two such terrific characters as came after the black ; in short, they might seize any ring-leaders they pleased from the very centre of the largest mob ; but these brave soldiers had to deal with a droll odd sort of character on this occasion, who, when they entered the



room seemed to have no idea they meant any harm to him; on the contrary, the honest black took the men for two of Brady's friends, and innocently asked the corporal what regiment they belonged to.

Meantime the soldiers desired him to follow them; but as the African, who knew nothing of French, paid no attention to their speech, they seized him by the arms to pull him along; and whilst they were doing so, my host entered, urging them to greater violence.

The giant, good-natured as he was, did not relish this behaviour, but jerking his arms from the Frenchmens' grasp, as a man would his from the hold of children, he clenched his right fist, and with one blow laid the stoutest soldier on his back, with a nose quite as flat as his own. The other soldier drew his bayonet, on which the African seized him by the throat with his left hand, as he would a monkey, and the weapon soon dropped from the man's grasp, while the athletic black cast him to the opposite side of the room in a state of insensibility, and with a face the color of his own;

then turning quickly about, he overtook the flying landlord in the middle of his court-yard, and, with one kick on the rump, sent him several yards on his journey.

After this little exhibition of his prowess, the African giant, by Brady's advice, took his departure, walking slowly away from the house, with the customary merry grim upon his countenance.

This adventure fortunately happened at a time when the French government could not well interfere with foreign troops ; besides, the black had committed no crime, therefore the matter went no farther.

But the landlord, in addition to the soreness of his posteriors, and the remuneration he had to make the soldiers, had to suffer the mortification of begging his wife's pardon for the unjust suspicion he had entertained of that fair lady ; because where nothing is proved, the party is always considered to be innocent.

But the corporal and I were also sufferers on this occasion ; for I had to seek a new billet, our landlord some how or other having succeeded in procuring an order for our removal ;

and I am told, that to attain this object, he absolutely swore in a public office, before the commandant of Paris, that he would sooner have two devils billeted upon him than Corporal Brady and the black man.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Ned Clinton is billeted on an old Woman.  
—The death of her Dog.—A Female  
Disaster.*

MY new billet was upon an old woman who kept a grocer's shop, and a good sort of a creature enough she seemed to be, though, like most French people in her sphere of life, she habituated herself to the vile custom of swearing by a favorite oath on every occasion; and almost at every sentence she uttered. Her oath, it is true, was not so profane as the oaths of the French generally are, for she merely swore by the sacred *cochon*, St. Martin; but whether he was the old lady's tutelary saint or not, I never learnt, though, from the constancy of her invocations on his holy name, I am inclined to think he must have been.

Of all the billets in Paris, I really think this was the most noisy, for my bed-room was a front chamber, just over the shop; and as every petty vender or buyer of goods in the public streets proclaims aloud that he is a merchant of the article he deals in, and this billet was in a very public street, I was at first tormented out of all patience by the cries of *marchand d'habit*, *marchand de parapluie*, and numerous other mercantile cries, which invariably began about day-light, and continued till dusk; and, in addition to these noises, I may add the perpetual rattling of wheels, cracking of whips, and a monstrous variety of other discordant sounds.

Whilst treating upon this head, I may as well observe, that it seems to be an especial privilege of the common people here (and few privileges are allowed them) to make as much noise as possible by the cracking of their whips; and it is surprising to what a high pitch of skill they have brought this art. Thus the driver of a diligence, the driver of an ass, dog, or in short any other driver, invariably cracks his whip as long as he is able, whilst

many people that have no animal to drive, procure whips to amuse themselves in the pretty fashion of the drivers.

But as habit accustoms us to every thing, after a time I ceased caring for these noises; and could rest as quietly whilst the whip was cracking under my window, as the ass rested in the stable at the door of which the driver was displaying his skill.

The good old lady of the shop and her daughter, a buxom healthy-looking lass of about eighteen, with arms as red as bull beef, were the only inmates in the house, except the corporal and the old lady's dog, which latter I observed, upon entering the billet, was a fine animal, and the mother and daughter were pleased at my remark.

I dined with my fair cousin on the day of obtaining this billet, but when I went home at night there was the devil to pay in the house; the old woman was swearing with great virulence against the government, and the sacred *cochon*, Saint Martin was invoked by her at every fresh ejaculation; nor was the poor creature's anger to be wondered at,—her

faithful dog had been poisoned ; this guardian of her shop was no more ;—she shed tears for the animal, and so did her daughter ; and I felt for their trouble. She told me she had reared the dog from a puppy ; that he had served her with great fidelity for ten years, and once saved her shop from being plundered ; that, in short, she loved the animal next to her child ; “ And after all, to have poor Carlo poisoned by the cursed police,” said the old woman, “ is too bad. Those rascals, sir,” addressing me, “ are employed to throw poison in the streets, for the purpose of killing honest people’s dogs ; and my good neighbour, the pork-woman, has lost three dogs by poison in this manner.”

I made no remark to the old lady on the subject of poisoning her dog, because I respect all governments ; but I thought this was a despicable sort of policy. As to the honest corporal, he swore, by Jasus, it was too bad ; though, in the midst of his warmth, I saw him turn to wipe a smiling countenance at mention of the pork-woman.

However, after listening attentively to my



landlady's complaints, and vainly attempting to soothe her irritated feelings, both the corporal and I retired to repose; though the old lady's invocations upon the holy and blessed Saint Martin continued so loud and so frequent after my head reclined upon the pillow, that it was long ere my senses were locked in the sweet embrace of Morpheus. At last I fell into a pleasing slumber, out of which I was awoke by the most violent shrieks and invocations of the old woman, who presently knocked at my door, and entreated me to accompany her to her daughter's chamber, who she apprehended was dead.

I slipped on my dressing gown in a moment, and attended the distracted mother to her child's room, where Brady, who had heard the confusion, arrived at the same time, habited in his great-coat.

It was a strange sight, upon our entering the poor girl's chamber, to behold the state in which she lay; she was stretched in bed, upon her back, in a state of complete insensibility; but the cause was evident, for her hands were tied together, and suspended, with her arms

extended upwards in the air by a small cord, fastened to a nail in the wall.

I lost no time in pulling the cord from off the nail, and untying the poor girl's hands, whilst the frantic mother stormed about the place ; but animation seemed suspended in the maiden's frame, and her usually florid arms were as white as chalk. We knew not what to do, and Corporal Brady fetched a doctor.

It was even doubtful on the surgeon's arrival, whether the vital spark had quitted the maiden's frame ; and it was several hours before the son of Galen, gave any hope of the powers of nature being restored. But, fortunately, the lass's juicy blood flowed into the old channels again, and at the end of two days her arms resumed their naturally florid hue.

It remains to be told how this disaster had been occasioned. And, alas ! it becomes my task to disclose that female vanity had caused it. The pretty maid had either read in some romance, or been told by some officious person, that red hands and arms were frightfully ugly, and that white hands and arms were beautiful and delicate ; and at last, for a bribe,

a fortune-teller had discovered to her the happy way of attaining her heart's desire, by making her hands and arms white and beautiful.

This golden discovery had just been entrusted to the maiden, when I obtained the billet upon her mother ; but whether it was that she wished to captivate me, the corporal, or the irresistible African, who had passed the evening with Brady, I never discovered ; though from this happening to be the night of making her first unsuccessful essay of the valuable discovery, I am inclined to believe the girl had an eye upon one of us.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Clinton and the Ladies visit the most remarkable Places in and about Paris.—The Ladies depart for Italy.*

A RELATION of the rude adventures of life affords far more pleasure to the generality of readers than the history of our sweeter and more rational amusements; for those scenes which most delight our hearts are the most difficult to describe, and usually the least interesting when described.

Thus the life of a sober citizen, though he may have performed fifty times over more generous actions than a distinguished conqueror, would be thought tediously insipid, while the history of the conqueror would be perused with avidity. And thus the unsuspecting dupe, though his life has been passed in the practice

of virtue, and the enjoyment of happiness, would meet with few or no admirers of its relation, while the cunning sharper's adventures interest almost every body.

It is for these, and numerous other reasons of a similar sort, that I avoid attempting any description of the sweet pleasures I enjoyed at my cousin's, where congenial minds anticipated the wishes of each other, and spontaneously partook of every delight.

The day fast approached for the departure of the ladies for Italy; but, previous to its arrival, I had the gratification of accompanying them to most of the fashionable towns adjacent to Paris, and to such places of recreation as the state of my cousin's health permitted her to attend.

Of course we visited the beautiful gardens of Versailles, and admired the stately palace erected there by one of the vainest and most despotic monarchs of the Bourbon race—a king, whose prodigality exhausted his treasury, whose mistresses biassed all his actions, and whose vanity brought his kingdom to the very brink of destruction.

We also visited the gardens of Saint Cloud, and selected the day of a *grande fête*, upon a Sunday, for paying the visit. Here we saw a large portion of the Parisians admiring the superb water-works, and enjoying themselves in fifty different ways. It was a pleasing sight, and is one of the most rational methods of passing a holiday that I've witnessed in any country.

But it would only be tiresome to enumerate all the towns and villages that we visited; as, in succession, we rode to every one situated within a few leagues of Paris.

The museum afforded us exquisite pleasure; for, at this time, it contained the finest collection of statues and pictures perhaps ever assembled together; though shortly after this period the principle *chef-d'œuvres* were returned to the states from which they had been forcibly taken.

We also visited the king's library and most of the other public exhibitions, where we found endless variety to admire; while the free exhibition of wild beasts in his majesty's garden



to all classes, is liberal and gratifying to the populace.

Of the gardens and palace of the Tuilleries I shall say little, because they are the Frenchman's boast, and every body has either seen or heard of them. The gardens are certainly a great accommodation to the people; and the palace is a fine looking old building, but it affords fewer conveniences to the occupiers than most English noblemens' country mansions. While the king, who resides in it, merely occupies one corner of the palace; and the rest of this extensive building serves as offices and apartments for others, or is crammed full of soldiers or orange trees.

The gilded dome of the *Hospital des Invalides* stands as a monument of the sagacity of that man who amused the people, while he governed them despotically.

The *Champ de Mars* and *Champs Elysée* are distinguished objects in Paris; the latter serving as a fashionable promenade for equestrians, and a place of amusement for all classes of the people; whilst the former is used as a field for general assembly on great national



occasions. It is here that Buonaparte assembled the chief men of his empire, on his return from captivity in Elba ; and it is here that the sanguinary tyrant, Robespierre, committed the profane act of offering a nosegay to the Almighty, in presence of the crowded multitude.

On visiting the cathedral of *Notre Dame*, my cousin made an observation, conveying great force and truth. " I cannot," said the amiable girl, " look at this building without horror, caused by reflecting upon the hundreds of *Te-deums* which have been sung here for battles that ought never to have been fought, and for boasted victories that were never gained by the French." But on passing the *Hotel de Dieu*, on our return from the cathedral, she dropped a tear in remembrance of my escape from, and the sufferings of thousands in, that frightful mansion of death.

However, to glide over the pleasures I enjoyed in her society, the day arrived for the ladies to depart for Italy, and I accompanied them one stage on the journey, where, after innumerable cautions to my cousin regarding

the management of her delicate constitution, and after receiving an intimation from the ladies that their stay in Italy would not be long, I took my leave, and rode home to Paris, with a mind replete with pensive thoughts.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Corporal Brady becomes intimate with another Priest.—Suggests an Improvement in the Dress of Catholic Clergymen.—His Illiberality.—The old Grocer-woman is put in Prison for peeping into the King's Kitchen.*

THE grocer-woman had a brother, a priest, who constantly visited at our house ; nor did the reverend gentleman appear even to notice his sister's little habit of swearing by Saint Martin, so much is it the custom of French people to invoke some holy name or other. This priest was one of those who emigrated to England at the commencement of the Revolution, because he had nothing to lose in France, and, naturally enough, became frightened at seeing a brother priest swinging upon

almost every lamp-post ; but the good man fared well in England, where, by his earnings from teaching French, and the pension he received from the British government, he was considerably better off than since the glorious restoration of the Bourbons, and his consequent return to his native country.

This minister of religion, during a residence of many years in Great Britain, had learnt to speak a little broken English ; and as Brady loved the Catholic church and its priests, and this honest minister was affable with the corporal, and always ready, except on fast days, to join with the African in partaking of his mess, Corporal Brady got attached to the priest, and made him quite at home on all occasions.

Now it happened, one fine day, that the old woman and her daughter went from home to enjoy themselves, it being either a saint's day, when the shops are always shut up, or else that great fast-day when the royal family go in procession to the cathedral church of *Notre Dame* ; whilst, at the same moment, every other church in the kingdom has a solemn

service performed in it (and, by a royal ordinance, the custom is to be kept up for ever), to render thanks to the Almighty for the birth of Louis the Fourteenth, which happened about two hundred years ago.

I repeat I am not sure whether it was upon this latter august day, or the festival of a saint, that the old woman and her daughter went out to enjoy themselves, taking, according to the practice of French people in middle stations of life, and upon gay occasions, plenty of bread, and a little fruit to eat with it, and leaving the priest at home to take care of the property.

But it so happened this day, that Corporal Brady, who, it should be mentioned, had ever since our intimacy with Father Murphy O'Carroll, meditated upon a grand improvement in the dress of Roman Catholic priests, took this convenient opportunity, while the priest was eating salt-fish with him and the African, of opening his mind to the good man; at the same time, as the corporal had proper ideas of discipline in every state of life, he expressed himself with great modesty,

and, in suggesting the alteration, he respectfully observed, that it would be an excellent thing, provided it met with his holiness the pope's approbation.

I imagine that the gallant corporal must have been led into a consideration of this subject, by observing the usually shabby condition of a Catholic priest's breeches; and let who will examine that article of their dress with proper attention, cannot fail in discovering this remark to be true. As to Father Murphy O'Carroll, whose breeches attracted every body's notice, they were often so much worn as scarcely to afford covering for his nakedness.

However, whether the corporal conjectured that the priests wear out their breeches by constantly kneeling at their prayers, or whatever might be his conjectures, it is of little or no consequence, it being sufficient to tell, that in opening his mind to the priest, the honest corporal premised his speech by saying, that the contemplated alteration of dress might be the means of making a bishop of him, if he brought the matter forward with

becoming spirit. "You have nothing to do," said the well-meaning corporal, "but memorial the pope for permission to leave off wearing breeches of any kind, and, in lieu of them, for every Romish priest to wear a kilt, with a purse attached to it, like a highland soldier; and, by Jasus! I'll answer for it," resumed the corporal, after a pause, and apparently much pleased with the conceit, "that his holiness will soon see the value of the alteration, and not only issue out a bull for every Catholic priest to be dressed in a kilt, but will soon appear at Saint Peter's cathedral in one himself, while your reverence will be sent for to kiss his holy toe."

Here the gallant corporal paused, fully expecting to hear the minister burst out in raptures of joy at the proposition he had made; but the corporal was sadly mistaken, being doomed on this occasion to discover that every Catholic priest is not possessed of the noble liberality of character which Father Murphy O'Carroll always displayed; on the contrary, this man unfortunately was a bigot, governed by every old prejudice of the church;



one of those mortals who firmly believe that the pope's curse or blessing is infallible hereafter, and that to eat meat on a fast-day, without authority from the church, is a most damnable sin, and therefore considered Brady's proposition as a fundamental attack; besides, he was a poor, meager, half-starved looking fellow, on whom a vast quantity of English roast beef had been thrown away, and whose shrivelled limbs would have looked frightful under a kilt.

Now, my only surprise is, how a man of the corporal's sagacity should have forgotten himself so far as to select such an object as this wretched Catholic priest for the execution of so noble a project. It was impossible for such a minister of the Romish church to memorial the pope with the smallest prospect of success; but had such a man as Farther Murphy O'Carroll dressed himself at once in the kilt and its appertinents, and boldly demanded a personal audience of the pope, there can be no question but he would have commanded attention; however, this mistake of Corporal Brady shews how the strongest

minds may sometimes be led astray by a favorite object.

As to this pitiful-looking priest, he quite astonished the corporal by the violence of his invectives, and the bitterness of his rage, at the noble proposition, and thereby proved, as Brady observed, what a poor, contemptible soul he had. But the drollest circumstance was, that the African wanted to make a joke of the business, and absolutely whispered Corporal Brady to detain the priest whilst he ran out and borrowed a kilt to dress the old shaver in. But this the generous corporal would not consent to, though the priest continued uttering the most abusive language; in the midst of which he was disturbed, by the entrance of his niece, in a state of great terror, and crying bitterly.

No sooner was the girl collected enough to tell her tale, than she said, that as her poor dear mother and she were walking in the public street, close to that side of the palace, next to the king's kitchen, her mother, smelling something savory which issued from the kitchen, unfortunately stopped to look

into the window, through which they saw the cooks busily employed in dressing many nice things ; but while they were looking down, and talking of the delicious dishes they saw, a sentry struck her mother with his firelock, and told her to go about her business, and not look at his majesty's cooks ; upon which the old woman felt angry, and forgetting where she was, swore an oath or two in her usual way ; for which crime she had been dragged to prison, where she now lay.

This interruption fortunately carried the priest off ; who, as an old emigrant, had just sufficient interest at court to get his sister released on this occasion ; though he continued to reproach the old lady every day afterwards, while I remained in Paris, with the crime of looking at the king's meat.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Ned Clinton frequents the Coffee-Houses.—  
Causes for the rancorous Conduct of many  
disbanded French Officers.—Several ex-  
traordinary Duels.*

I WAS now in the habit of amusing myself by frequenting those fashionable coffee-houses, in which the landladies' are dressed like oriental princesses, while, seated upon their several thrones, they measure out pennyworths of sugar to the customers with the most scrupulous exactness.

At this time the rage of the lately disbanded French officers was scarcely to be smothered, as a great portion of these men had risen from the lowest walks of life, and while the wars continued, under the imperial dynasty, many of them, doubtless, aspired to

tread in the highest, and the whole looked to the attainment of fresh honor and glory. But the recent change in the government in one moment brought these proud heroes down, almost to their old degraded condition, at once blasting all their brilliant hopes, and leaving them little else than a cross, ribbon, or other trumpery order to decorate their vain persons.

The irritated state of mind of these mortified soldiers, whose knowledge rarely extends beyond martial law, and whose philosophy goes no further than to teach them to suffer military privations, when those privations are unavoidable, often broke out in the public coffee rooms, and the quarrels and duels which consequently took place in Paris about this time were innumerable. I shall, therefore, to give some idea of the rancorous state of these peoples minds, mention several unfortunate occurrences that happened, while I remained in this metropolis.

One day, when I was present in one of the French coffee-rooms, a Russian staff officer, elevated from the effects of wine, put his

finger upon a French cross of the Legion of Honor, which hung upon a Gallic officer's breast, at the same time asking him, if he received that at Moscow; on which the Frenchman immediately struck him a blow in the face, and told him to remember he received that in Paris.

The consequences of this were, that the parties directly adjourned to a retired spot, for the purpose of fighting a duel, where the Frenchman soon passed his sword through the body of his less skilful antagonist, who died before he had recovered from the fumes of the wine.

On another occasion, a quarrel arose between a French officer, and a native of a neighbouring kingdom, when the latter insisted upon fighting with pistols, to which his antagonist objected; and at last it was decided they should draw lots, by having two pistols placed upon the table, one of which only should be loaded, and the man who drew the fatal pistol should shoot himself. The Frenchman had the choice of selection, and drew the unloaded pistol, on which the stranger, seeing

his fate was decided, observed it could make no difference to his antagonist whether he lived an hour longer or not, and he should therefore return to his lodging, and settle his affairs before he destroyed himself; he accordingly returned home, arranged what he had to do, drank a bottle or two of wine, and went to his bed, where he blew out his brains.

But perhaps the most diabolical affair that fell under my observation remains unrecorded, and which is as follows. A consequential officer, bearing the rank of a colonel, had placed his snuff box carelessly upon a seat, beside him, when a young wag of a brother officer, for the sake of a joke, slyly put a May beetle into it, and soon afterwards, the colonel, taking up his box, while deeply engaged in conversation, held it close to his face as he opened it to take a pinch of snuff, upon which the confined insect immediately took to flight, at the same moment flapping some snuff into the colonel's eyes.

This gallant gentleman's fury at the insult is indescribable, nor was it appeased until he had shot his antagonist through the head in a duel ;



and he even made a boast afterwards of the diabolical transaction.

But these sort of adventures may not be found pleasing, therefore I shall relate no more, particularly as those already enumerated may be sufficient to shew the bitter spirit which actuated many of the *ci-devant* officers and disappointed Buonapartists.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Lieutenant Wright takes a Lodging in Paris.—Is annoyed by his Fellow-lodgers.—His Experiments for teaching them Manners.—A desperate Attack, and the heroic Behaviour of the Black.*

MY friend Wright, who was encamped with his regiment at Clichy, had, for his greater convenience in participating in its amusements, taken a lodging in Paris, where he silyly contrived to pass a great portion of his time, and to sleep almost every night. But it so happened that my friend's apartments were in a very common lodging house, one that was stuffed from top to bottom with law students, who not only filled every room in the house, except the landlord's and the lieutenant's but absolutely slept two or three in every bed ;

for it may be observed, that French gentlemen are so very fond of sleeping together, that the landlord of a lodging-house generally makes a specific agreement for price, according to the number of gentlemen that are to sleep in the same bed ; while so opposite is the custom, with regard to the different sexes, that when a gentleman and his wife apply for a lodging, it is expected they will occupy two beds.

However, without stopping to admire either the delicate, or the chaste habits of a Frenchman ; I must observe that these law students were a noisy set of fellows, who often annoyed the lieutenant ; for some among them were learning to fiddle, and some to play on the fife ; while some blew horns, and others attempted to sing, or make speeches, and every one of them, according to the French custom, invariably made a loud talking upon the staircase.

My friend was not the man to be annoyed with impunity, and he accordingly let the young students know it by different polite messages, which he sent them ; but the dry study of the law had not taught them manners,

and they disregarded the lieutenant's messages, in consequence of which he practised a few experiments in the house, such as setting the black to work in blowing a bugle-horn for several hours together in the dead of the night, discharging a score or two buckets of water upon his floor to run into the apartments of a troublesome set living immediately below him, and some other experiments of a similar offensive nature.

But all these efforts proving ineffectual, the lieutenant determined, ere he resigned the task, to try another experiment or two, to teach the noisy scribblers how to behave themselves.

Accordingly he provided a quantity of *asafoetida*, and as the smoking of it would be particularly offensive to himself, he borrowed the services of Corporal Brady, who was to direct the black in the performance of this exploit. The trusty pair were therefore put in possession of the lieutenant's apartments on the night when the experiment was to be tried.

The judicious corporal did not commence smoking the house until the street door was

fastened and the landlord and his lodgers were gone to bed, when the black and himself used the asafœtida so freely, and in so skilful a manner, that the smell became intolerable, and the hardy corporal found it necessary to thrust his head frequently out of the window, to save himself from suffocation.

Still it appeared not to have the desired effect, and after smoking the fetid gum for a full hour, the corporal, conceiving that constant habit had fortified Frenchmen against every sort of stink, proposed to the African that they should retire to their beds, which these brave fellows absolutely did, after leaving a chafing-dish of charcoal and asafœtida burning in the passage.

But the gallant corporal was mistaken ; for the fetid smell had even astonished the Frenchmen's olfactory nerves, and the frightened landlord, soon after our heroes had retired to rest, discovered from whence it arose. His rage at the trick was doubtless very great, but he knew that to remonstrate with Lieut. Wright, would be doing worse than nothing ; and being a deep old dog, and a Buonapartist

to boot (for he had served several campaigns with the emperor) he thought this afforded an admirable opportunity for satisfying his vengeance against the lieutenant, without danger to himself, by means of his other lodgers.

With this design, he went softly over the whole house, visiting the chamber of every lodger, and finding them alike irritated and suffering from the stench, he easily persuaded them to make a simultaneous attack upon the lieutenant, who they supposed to be snug in his quarters. The old veteran having brought his lodgers into this humour, lost no time in attempting the execution of his project, and, accordingly quietly assembled the whole of his troop in the passage, close to the lieutenant's bed-room door.

Corporal Brady slept in this room, and the African in a chamber beyond it, and so sudden was the simultaneous attack which burst open the corporal's door, that his enemies were upon him before he could rise, and the brave fellow seemed likely to fall a passive victim to their fury.

But the African, on whose iron frame the



fetid stench had taken no effect, and who (like the celebrated pirate Blackbeard) could exist in fouler air than most other mortals, was awoke from a sound sleep, by the noisy attack made on the corporal, and stalking into the room quite naked, (for it was not his habit to sleep in a shirt) he electrified every assailant, nor is it to be wondered at, for his glossy skin, his giant frame, and his ugly face, were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart.

However, the landlord, who was accustomed to see this hero, but had never witnessed an exertion of his strength, boldly cheered his troop forward to the attack, and the whole gang fell unexpectedly upon the black while he was in the act of putting his breeches on. The giant having one thigh entangled, was near losing his equilibrium, but his rude hands quickly clenched hold of two of the assailants, with such tremendous force, that their frightful cries made the rest of his enemies draw back in terror, when loosing one of the staggering wretches, he quietly drew his small clothes over the uncovered



thigh. Meanwhile Brady was on his legs and had seized his man.

The African smiled with content and triumph, but his enemies fled in every direction. However, as if recollecting himself, he let go the terrified object he had grasped, and hastily followed the crowd down stairs.

At the street door he came up with most of his enemies, though, as if sensible that his blow would deal death, he struck no one, but merely seizing the landlord and one of the others each under an arm, he walked quietly to the end of the street where the river runs, and there threw them into a shallow muddy part of the Seine; after doing which, he returned peaceably home to finish his night's repose.

It was truly fortunate that this kind-hearted African, whose blow was like the kick of a horse, and whose grasp was like the force of a vice, should have treated his foes on this occasion in the merciful manner I have described.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Clinton is ordered Home.—His Regret.—  
Departure from Paris, and Arrival in  
London.*

I WAS very unexpectedly ordered to England in consequence of a reduction in the commissariat department attached to the British army serving in France, and at the same time it was notified to me, that at the expiration of a couple of months, my name would be placed on the half-pay list.

The prospect of variety is ever pleasing to the youthful mind, and though I was well off in France, where, without noticing the mysterious perquisites of office, I received rations, lodgings, and full-pay, and was otherwise delightfully situated, yet I should not have regretted the approaching removal, if it had

not been for the gloomy thoughts inspired by the cursed half-pay list.

However (as Lieutenant Wright observed) I had no cause for complaint, as a commissary of the most subordinate rank, and if but just appointed to his situation, receives far better half-pay than a captain, who has been shot at for thirty years or more, and as good half-pay as a field-officer, who is considered as the head of the tree, and the criterion of rank and honor. But liberal as the lieutenant was on other points, his views were very contracted in this, for he did not consider that a military man ever does much good unless he obtains a separate command as a general officer; whilst every commissary ought to make a fortune in one campaign; and had it not been for my being captured in the *Mary*, the half-pay list most probably would have been a source of no uneasiness to me.

The faithful corporal who had served me in prosperity, and in a prison, who had been as cheerful in times of galling distress as when he partook of the loaves and fishes of my office, determined not to forsake me, and (to

use his own emphatic words) declared in the presence of several of my chosen friends, that "by Jasus, he would go the world ends with me," on which Lieutenant Junk, who was by, slipped some pieces into Brady's hand, while he said, "he was a noble-hearted fellow."

I left Paris in the Diligence, Lieutenants Junk and Wright attending me to the waggon-like looking vehicle, and kindly staying till it drove off, when the gallant sailor sung out, that "he wished us a fair wind, and a good voyage, and that we might all cast anchor again very soon in the same port."

Nothing particular happened on our journey to Calais, where chancing to put up at the most celebrated hotel, we were of course most abominably imposed upon. However, next morning we embarked for Dover, and as I sailed from the French coast, I found full leisure to reflect upon the frivolous character of the Gallic race. Our passage was quick, although the wind blew towards that town upon our coast, whose church serves for a land-mark, and whose people were remarkable for smuggling; while the applica-

tion of its sage magistrates to the British admiralty, "to know what colour their church should be white-washed," will long stand upon record. On reaching Dover we proceeded forthwith to London, where we arrived at a late hour of the night, and put up at the celebrated Golden Cross.

The following morning, whilst I was employed dressing, Corporal Brady entered my room, announcing that an elegant gentleman with a wooden leg, was desirous of seeing me immediately, and that he stood waiting near the chamber door for admittance. I own I thought it an awkward time to receive visitors, and especially a perfect stranger; however, there seemed to be no remedy, for the gentleman's wooden leg sounded his arrival in the chamber before I could make any answer to the corporal.

Brady immediately withdrew, and the elegant stranger (for dress, person, and manners, combined to make this man elegant) made a profusion of bows, and said a profusion of polite things; insomuch, that (to use a favorite expression of the corporal's) I was

bothered to know what to do. At length he happened to ask if I recollected him, and I was now ten times more bewildered than before. "Sir, Sir," said I, stammering, whilst I vainly rummaged every recess in my brain, "I think I had the honor of meeting you on board his Majesty's ship Porpoise, or some other vessel." This was quite enough for the gentleman, he found I was one of the few people in London who did not know him, and this was all he wanted to ascertain.

Accordingly he began his tale of sorrow. He had been a purser in his Majesty's navy; he had lost a leg in the service; some untoward circumstance had deprived him of his pension; and his dear wife and six children were starving, while, poor unfortunate man, he had no means of procuring a morsel of bread for any of them. "Indeed, sir," continued he, in a voice of great solemnity, "I have not tasted food since yesterday morning."

The gentleman's tale fortunately assisted my memory, and I now recollected all about him, for I had been cautioned against this



fellow, who was one of the most arrant impostors in the town, and had long lived by taking in newly arrived people. In short, there was scarcely a gentleman that visited London, whose purse had not been opened by this fellows tale.

Therefore, in reply to his story, I plainly told him, that his case might be a hard one, but that I was not the person to redress it; and if he wanted money, I was the wrong man to apply to; being already too much like himself. This speech was far from daunting the gentleman, who was too staunch a beggar to be turned from his game, in so easy a way. On the contrary the ice being broken, he became ten times more importunate; though finding after a time, that he gained no ground, by the seductive art of persuasion, he resumed his solemnly imposing manner, and declared that he would retire from my room, and destroy himself immediately afterwards.

“My friend” said I, as if pleased at his determination, “you have no occasion to retire, here is a pistol,” offering him one I had travelled with, “blow out your brains in the



room with it." "Good God, sir," exclaimed he, "but my wife and children; my dear wife and children must perish for the want of bread if I destroy myself, or I swear I would die this moment."

On this I assured him, that he need give himself no uneasiness about them, for if he blew out his brains like a man of spirit, in my presence, I would take care of his family. "Great God, sir," ejaculated the impostor on this kind assurance of mine, at the same time trembling violently, while I attempted to force the pistol into his hand, "would you have me die a murderer;" and turning hastily around, his leg beat a retreat upon the floor.

## CHAPTER XIX.

*Ned Clinton meets Glover.—His altered Appearance.—They dine together.*

HAVING got rid of the importunate beggar, I proceeded to the commissariat office to report my arrival in England, when, to my sore annoyance, I received an order to continue in London while my Peninsular accompts were being audited.

Coming out of the office door, after receiving this intelligence, I met my old friend Glover, concerning whom I had heard nothing since we parted on the frontiers of Portugal. His joyful surprise at this meeting seemed equal to my own, and after he had made a short enquiry in the office, we walked away together.

My friend was in good health, and told me

he had been upwards of a year on half pay; and that he had already been kept dancing attendance at the commissariat office for more than four months, under the pretence that his accompts were being audited, though it appeared to him that the situation of an examiner was too good a post for its possessor to suffer any man's accompts to be passed in as many years; or, at all events, not before the fellow's services would procure him a snug retreat.

This intelligence was far from being grateful to my ears, and naturally drew a vast deal of my attention; however, I could not avoid observing the altered appearance of my friend. He was no longer the gay looking fellow he used to be; his hat was now greasy and his coat threadbare, while the large patches on his boots too plainly denoted that he had either become a miser or was distressed. The worthy fellow's countenance, too, was haggard, his looks suspicious, and his manners wild; in a word, he was not apparently the same Glover I once knew.

Having considered my old friend very attentively, while he was absorbed in deep thought,

I slapped him rather sharply on the shoulder, at which salutation he started, as if I had been a bailiff. "Glover, my old friend," said I, "what ails you? where are the merry looks that once captivated the pretty girls? Is this the conqueror of beauty? Wer't thou ever the stormer of convent walls; the happy mortal for whom nobility was debased; the gallant protector of the Gallic widow?" "Hold!" cried my friend, for one moment putting on something like a shadow of his once gay looks; "hold! Clinton, spare me from this *badinage*; those happy days are past." "Ah, Glover," I replied, "and still merrier days may be in store," Impossible," said he, despondingly, "the game is up; the *bulls* have it all their own way, and this account will complete my ruin." "The devil it will!" exclaimed I, innocent as a lamb of what he meant, but supposing he had neglected to credit his public accompt with some of the African *bulls* he received in the Peninsula. "Ah!" resumed the poor fellow, musing, and rubbing his forehead, "the *bulls* have it all their own way, and us unfortunate *bears* will be cut into ribbons."

To this incomprehensible speech I attempted no reply, for I conceived poor Glover's intellects to be quite gone; but after a long pause, in the hope of affording some relief to his malady, I said, "Glover, my dear fellow, come and dine with me at a chop-house to-day."

"That I will, with great pleasure," replied my friend, "for 'tis a close holiday at the bank; but," resumed he, after some suspense, "I have no money, Clinton."

"And what's the paltry price of a dinner, between old friends like us, Glover," said I, at the same time being half inclined to think he was fitter for the custody of a keeper, "Say no more, my friend," exclaimed he, "it is settled, and I will dine with you, when we will drink success to the *bears*."

This extraordinary language on the part of poor Glover astonished me beyond expression; for, until this day, I was quite ignorant of the technical terms used in the vile art of stock-jobbing; nor was it for a considerable time after the preceding dialogue that I fully comprehended his meaning. However, after

dinner, over a cheerful bottle, in the British Coffee-house, he told me all the adventures which had befallen him since we parted from each other in Portugal. But these adventures, though amusing to me, were neither sufficiently strong or diversified to justify a relation of them; therefore I shall merely mention, that Glover never saw Lisbon after his first visit to it, and knew nothing whatever of the fair Signiora Murinelle, or of her *brave* and noble protector. He had been kept serving with the British army in the Spanish Peninsula, until after its triumphant entrance into France, and the Gallic emperor had abdicated his throne, when he embarked with the conquering heroes, and was put on half pay, soon after his arrival in England.

But the unfortunate part of his story remains to be told, which is, that while staying in town, to attend at the commissariat office, he had become acquainted with a stock-broker, who succeeded in persuading him to dabble in the funds, as a sure and easy mode of making his fortune; the consequences of which were, that my once gay friend had not only paid away in



differences, on the settling days, all the hoarded profits of his campaigns, but he had lost an additional thousand pounds which had been bequeathed him by an aunt, while at the present moment he was not worth five pounds in the world, was ashamed to let his father know his distress, and a settling day was fast approaching, which promised fair to make him a defaulter.

Still, much as I felt concerned for poor Glover, the news he afterwards communicated to me of our friend, Captain Grove, extracted deeper sorrow from my bosom. That worthy man was ruined : his estate and all his other property had been swallowed up between the purchase of shares in various mining companies, which had since become either insolvent or nearly so, and the payment of differences lost upon gambling transactions at the Stock Exchange.

We passed a long evening together ; and as I proposed leaving town next morning to visit my parents, we parted, with an understanding that I was to call upon him at an early hour on the morning after my return to London,



when he was to take me in the city to meet Captain Grove.

But, in concluding this chapter, I have to observe that our friendly conversation was frequently interrupted by a quizzical-looking old gentleman, a steady customer for many years of the British Coffee-house, who told tediously long stories, in a very loud voice, and concluded every story with the Latin words *tempus fuget*; though, apprehensive the company might not understand Latin, he always followed the use of these words, by his version of, —*time enough*.

## CHAPTER XX.

*Ned Clinton visits his Parents.—Accompanies Glover to the Stock Exchange.—Meets Captain Grove.*

MY parents were delighted to see me, while I experienced equal pleasure. As to my dear mother, her joy exceeded all bounds; and doubtless her heart felt some of the sweetest sensations of life, on beholding the safe return of her eldest child.

My brother, I should have observed, had sailed for India about six months before, as a cadet; and my beloved father I found confined to the house by a fit of the gout.

The little presents I brought home were received as though they were jewels; and I had to tell my adventures over and over again; yet though my aunt, now and then,

hinted at the loss of the antique watch, the few days I passed in my father's house flowed in uninterrupted happiness.

But to describe this happiness would afford no amusement to others, therefore I shall content myself by relating, that after passing a week in this domestic manner, under the roof of my parents, I returned to my lodging in Queen-square, Westminster.

The following morning, after taking an early breakfast, I hastened, according to promise, to the lodging of my friend Glover, which consisted of a front two-pair-of-stairs room in a narrow lane about the middle of the city, which place he had selected for his abode, because it was convenient to the Stock Exchange.

I found him seated at a table in his miserable chamber, with numerous little strips of paper before him, which he told me were the tickets of the stock he had bought and sold during the current account; and that he must look over them very attentively, for the settling day was near. However, having asked me what o'clock it was, having no watch him-

self, and my replying half-past nine, he started up, and thrust the papers into an old writing desk, saying he had not an instant to lose, for the house opened at ten, and he must learn the news before business commenced, that he might afterwards *watch* the market. Having thus expressed himself, he quickly descended the stair-case, clearing two stairs at every stride, and hurried me along the streets as though we were walking for a wager.

At length, panting for breath, we entered the Bank Coffee-house, where, seizing two morning papers, he selected one for himself, and thrusting the other into my hand, told me to read it quickly, and let him know all the news. I had scarcely perused ten lines, before he had scanned over the leading article in his paper, and was peeping into mine; but, glancing his eye at the clock, he exclaimed, it was on the point of striking ten, therefore he hoped I would stay where I was, while he ran to *look* at the market.

He was off like a shot, and I staid a full hour in the coffee-room, waiting in vain for his return; at last, in despair of his coming

back, I asked a gentleman who had seen Glover and I together, if he could tell me the place where people went to *look* at the market. The gentleman laughed heartily, but afterwards apologised, and told me, if I would accompany him, he thought he could take me to the spot where my friend was; accordingly, he conducted me into a place called Chapel Court, where the most motley noisy group of ill-looking fellows I ever beheld were assembled together. It was really difficult to get through them: they spoke in various languages, but their jargons were all unintelligible to me. One rascal put his greasy poll into my face, and said he would *give* five-eighths; another blackguard (and a bandy-legged one he was) bellowed out I should *have* 'em at five-eighths; while a third, with an indescribable frightful nose, lying flat on his face in some places, and being considerably elevated in others, offered to transact business with me at *a fiddle*.

At last, after innumerable attacks of this sort, for these people require no introduction, but, generously enough, prefer a stranger to an old acquaintance, we got to the upper end

of Chapel Court, and there, to my surprise, I saw my friend Glover standing in a public passage, and in the very act of peeping into a room, in which hundreds of fellows were assembled, who were making far more noise than the vagabonds I had just forced my way through. He was too busy to see me, but I heard him ask a one-eyed ruffian, how the market *looked?* at which moment, a porter or cryer, from within the door, desired my friend to step on one side, when, looking round, he discovered me.

Glover was ashamed of the scene, and for a short time forsook the office of *watching* the market to accompany me upon the Royal Exchange, in search of Captain Grove, whose custom it was to transact most of his stock-jobbing business on that spot. After taking several turns we found him engaged in deep conversation in the midst of a circle of about a dozen strange-looking mortals, of whom two or three were Jews; but no sooner did he observe us, than he quitted the party.

This unfortunate officer expressed much pleasure at seeing me; but although I knew



of his affairs being in a state of ruin, and saw, by his garments that he must be poor, yet, except a more serious cast of countenance, and features marked by deeper lines of thought than formerly, there was no perceptible alteration in the man himself, who seemed to be superior to those events which had blasted all his fair prospects, cast an unmerited stain upon his character, and deprived him of all his fortune.

The salutations of meeting being over, he smiled, and said, he hoped I was not come there for the purpose of stock-jobbing, for he could speak from experience, and was satisfied, that of all speculative transactions, except those of mining concerns, it was the one the most to be dreaded. I assured the captain that I had come there solely to see him; and Glover having left us to *watch* the market, the captain and I seated ourselves upon a bench, when he gave me the following account of some speculative characters of celebrity.

“You may, perhaps, imagine, Mr. Clinton,” said the captain, “that in the speculations made



upon 'Change, the brightest talents best serve their possessors for attaining the greatest wealth; and if you think so, you merely labour under a similar mistake to the generality of mankind, for it is usual, even here, where experience ought to teach people better, to point out a successful speculator as a clever and a great man; though, should the same person make an unlucky hit, and thereby lose his wealth, he is despised and insulted; so much do the world become the dupes of riches and good fortune: however, as you are a stranger to the arts practised here, and to the characters who thrive by the destruction of thousands, I will, for your information, give some account of a few.

“ In the first place regard that clownish-looking fellow, dressed in black, with his hands thrust in his breeches' pockets, and his back leaning against the pillar, for he is the leading character of this place. His career, as a Jew boy, began by vending rolling-pins in the streets of a country town, from which station he gradually ascended till he became a bill-broker, when, having the command of

money, and some wealthy Hebrew relatives, conveniently situated on the continent for the transaction of business, he fixed himself in London, where, towards the termination of the late war, through the means of obtaining the earliest foreign intelligence, he rapidly made a colossal fortune in the British funds, to the ruin of thousands, and without any risk to himself. I may further observe, that this child of fortune can scarcely write, and though partly brought up in England, he can speak but little of our language.

“That tall lanky Jew, standing opposite, is an indigo merchant, possessing very superior talents to those of the great man, though not half his cunning: he has ventured to speculate against the colossus, and his ruin is consequently foreseen.

“Those three tall Jews, standing together, are brothers, and members of the Stock Exchange, and being of affinity to the great speculator, their fortunes are promising. But observe that short pot-bellied man; he was once the leading Jew in the stock-market, till he waddled; and, poor wretch, he is

now supported on charity, as, between ourselves, the great man may yet be.

“But let us turn from these descendants of Solomon to take a peep at some Jew-like Christians of that house of iniquity, called the Stock Exchange. I shall not attempt to particularise them, for they are too numerous, and, generally speaking, far too paltry for such attention.

“Fancy to yourself,” continued Captain Grove, “six hundred subscribers to one room, many of whom have risen from extreme poverty, and the whole living at the expense of the fund-holders, and you may form some idea of the shark-like assembly at the leading Stock Exchange; as to the foreign one, it is even more contemptible still; while broken-down merchants, tailors, shoe-makers, and people also of every other trade and profession, who have failed in their endeavors at obtaining an honest livelihood, shine conspicuous amongst the characters of both these crowds of destroyers, where those who begin poor always do best. But to bring the subject to a conclusion, I will specify several

cases in point. A carpenter, who came here without a penny, becomes the sheriff of a county, and exceeds all other sheriffs in pride and equipage; a broken-down tailor makes a large fortune, and aspires at civic honors; a barber, who, poor fellow! could not live by shaving of beards, very soon shaves the public out of an estate, and talks of a seat in parliament:—but, doubtless, Mr. Clinton, you are as tired of hearing this distressing subject as I am of relating it, and, therefore, let us turn to some happier theme; while, if you are disengaged to-morrow, I will take you to the office of a stock-broker, where you may witness a few of the tricks and mysteries of this artful business.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*Captain Grove relates his Misfortunes.*

MY friend, Glover, was not content with *watching* the stock market until the hours of regular business had expired, and the doors of the Stock Exchange were shut against him ; but he afterwards proceeded to another miserable court, leading from Throgmorton street, where I saw him fixed upon the steps of a door, listening more eagerly to the jargon of a needy set of illiterate sharpers, who scorned to notice him, than Roman senator ever listened to the finest oration of Cicero.

It was not till this gang dispersed, that he joined Captain Grove and I on the Royal Exchange, from whence we were rung out with crowds of speculators, shortly afterwards by the bellman, and, according to previous

agreement, retired together to dine at a noted chop-house.

After dinner, while sitting over our punch, Captain Grove said, that as we were all old friends, he would, if agreeable, relate the occasion of his retiring upon half pay, and the consequent ruin brought upon him.

“I should not be so forward, gentlemen, on this occasion,” said the captain, “if the event which led to my retreat, had lately occurred; because I am aware that a man who suffers a serious injury from others, however philosophic his character (and I can’t boast of much philosophy), requires some time to elapse before he can reason dispassionately upon his own case; but as I feel that I can now do so, and review the injuries I have received, as though they related to another, I consider it proper time to lay a statement of those injuries before my friends, that they may not suffer the misrepresentations of gross injustice to blacken me in their estimation.

“You may, perhaps, ask why I have not brought my grievances before the public; and I should reply, that I never knew of a person



being benefited by such a measure ; besides, to beg the pity of the world, or publicly justify a man's conduct, who has committed no offence, is too contemptible a mode of proceeding to suit my mind ; and rather than stoop to it, I would bear with the smile of patience any stigma that foul-mouthed injustice could cast upon me.

“ When we last met, you knew me as the senior captain of my regiment ; and some time afterwards I was appointed to a local situation in the army, at a town far distant from my corps. While I was so employed, and as ill luck would have it, at a moment when I was without horses, the enemy made a sudden advance against the main body of our army, and brought it to a general action, at which, owing to the very instructions I received, I could not have been present.

“ However, I purchased a wretched horse, the only one I could procure, and which frequently fell with me during the two days I was upon the creature's back, seeking the main army, though so ill during the time, that I ought to have been in my bed.



“ After all my efforts, it was my fortune to succeed in joining the main army, just after the battle, and I must observe, that my regiment was now commanded by a man I did not even know, and who had joined it from England, while I was performing the duties of my local situation. He happened to be one of those people, who from having gained a character for audacity, might almost do what he pleased with impunity; besides; he had most powerful interest, both in England, and at the head quarters of our army abroad.

“ Now, I scarcely need tell you, gentlemen, that when a man is either at the head of the captains or subalterns of a regiment, he is considered a sort of public enemy by all officers of his own rank under him, who stop at nothing to get him removed as quickly as possible, by promotion, or otherwise, though decidedly by getting him out of the corps, if such a desirable object can be achieved, because the poor fellow's removal gives a step of promotion, without filling a higher vacancy; while the twenty or thirty prime years of his existence, which have been wasted in obtain-

ing his seniority, added to the ruin of himself, and the distress of his family, are no considerations to the aspiring hero's beneath him.

"I was precisely in this situation ; but had no idea of the machinations that were working against me, until about a month after I joined, the commanding officer told me the subordinate officers made remarks because I had not been present at the battle. On this I became indignant, and desired that my conduct might be enquired into ; which was done before a court of which every member was junior to myself. I should have done well in treating the entire set with the contempt they merited, but, conscious of innocence, I candidly told them every step and effort I had taken to find the army. There could be no evidence against a man who had done nothing wrong, and here I supposed the business to terminate ; but no such thing. Some time after, I received a message from the commanding officer to say he would not recommend me for the majority, when it became vacant, and I replied that he should either recommend me, or bring me before a general court-martial ; when he

sent me word for answer, that, he saw no grounds for one. However, six weeks after this, I received a letter, indited by this man's order, informing me that his Royal Highness the commander-in-chief, had ordered me to be tried.

“There are points, gentlemen, at which the mind becomes unhinged ; and this, which ought to have proved a triumph, was the weak time with me ; I was indignant at being so unjustly annoyed, and conceiving I could do no good in the army, as I laboured under the displeasure of its exalted chief, I hastily said, I would quit the regiment, if I received leave of absence.

“It was sent me at once ; but I had seen my error as soon as I committed it by applying for leave ; and I consequently told the commanding officer that I would still willingly quit the regiment, though to justify my conduct to others, I requested the court-martial might take place first. I might as well have asked for a diadem ; my acquittal would have lost a step in the regiment, therefore this favor was more than military mortal could expect.

Of course I was obliged to return home,

but I was not without hopes of gaining my point at the Horse Guards, though I regret saying this was not to be accomplished, and that all I gained there was the information that I had been imposed upon by an unfounded assertion, as the royal commander of the army never had ordered me to be tried.

“ This, gentlemen, is an impartial statement of my military grievance, and though I have often applied, I have never been able to obtain the smallest satisfaction of any kind of the author of it; who, himself, seated in the sunshine of court favor, revels amidst too many sweets to care about the bitters he has occasioned to another.

“ There is little more to be said, gentlemen, in bringing my tale to a conclusion, for when I found it impossible to obtain redress for my military grievance through any regular channel, I unfortunately formed the idea of procuring a seat in parliament, thinking I might thereby make myself useful to the administration, who would, in return, interest themselves in my affair.

“ But this project led to my ruin, for hap-

pening to become intimately acquainted with a stock-broker about the time of my forming it, I was induced at his suggestions to enter into a speculation in the funds, in the hope of gaining something towards paying for a seat in the House of Commons, and this first gambling transaction of mine proving unlucky, led me into a second, in the hope of getting back my lost money; while thus, from one speculation to another, I have gone on, until in confidence, I may say, I am, between stock-jobbing and mining speculations, almost irretrievably ruined.

“Nor may it be amiss here,” added the captain, “for me to state, that of all blindly rash modes of gambling, that of purchasing mining shares is the worst. It was my ill-luck to embark considerable sums of money in various mines of this country, and I had the weakness to attend regularly at the meetings of the mining companies, where for a time I suffered my ideas to be elevated by brilliant prospects, occasioned by the flaming favorable reports, transmitted from the mining captains, of

new and rich veins of precious metals *newly* discovered.

“ Upon the communication of these reports the shares advance, while such proprietors as are *not* in the secret usually purchase more at the enhanced price. Thus the bubble is kept up, until the authors of the evil have got out of the concern, when so rapid becomes the fall of the worthless shares, that the unfortunate holders can procure no price whatever for them.

“ For my part, I was not long suffered to enjoy the insane flights of imagination created by my mining speculations, for I had bought most of my shares at the top prices, and the bubble therefore soon burst. However, I was fortunate enough to get trifling sums for most of my shares, perhaps as many shillings as I had paid pounds for them; but for those of one Cornish mine, the shares of which had cost me nearly twenty pounds each, I received back only half-a-crown, being my proportion of the produce for which *I was told* the old tools had been sold.



“ So much,” continued the captain, “ for the folly of being concerned in our home mines ; but to embark in foreign ones, of which in reality we know nothing more than that our money must be at the mercy of numerous strangers, whose interest it is to cheat us, none except the most determined mad people would dream of.

“ And to add to my mortification,” resumed Captain Grove, “ the difference I received through the favor of the commander-in-chief, in exchanging upon half-pay, went in payment of a loss at the Stock Exchange, on the same day it came to hand, while from my having obtained this money, there would be no pension granted to my widow or children in the event of my death. Indeed, a multiplicity of evils have afflicted me of late ; and I suppose the result will be, that I must soon emigrate to a foreign shore, to eat my crust of bread in safety.

“ However, it affords me some consolation to reflect that my loyalty has remained unshaken, and that when I have always been



able to shew it in no better way, I have written gratuitously in support of the administration, and even to his most gracious Majesty George IV. I have sometimes attempted to do some justice, under the signature of *Titus*."

## CHAPTER XXII.

*Ned Clinton visits the Office of Two celebrated Stock Brokers.—Active, Rumboy, and Old Colley described.—The Way of doing Business.*

CAPTAIN GROVE, according to his promise, on the following morning conducted me to his stock-broker's office, which was situated opposite the Bank of England, in a part of Bartholomew Lane, near the Auction Mart, and a few doors from the entrance into Chapel Court. The office was on the ground-floor of an old house that evidently was in Chancery, or it would not have been suffered to stand. The ceiling was propped up in various places with clumsy wooden pillars, and the office itself appeared as if in better days it had been occupied by a petty dealer in

coals. It consisted of a room running the whole width and depth of the building; but though this precious spot was all rented by Grove's brokers, yet only a small part at the inner end was divided off by a miserable wooden partition, to serve for their paper business, the remainder of the office being used as a passage to all parts of the house, and as an anti-chamber to every body's customers.

But (doubtless as a lure to the monied passenger, and an encouragement to dubious customers) on each side of the entrance door, and upon the two broken old front windows was written in large letters of gold, the names of *Active and Rumboy, Stock-Brokers*.

Into this tempting place Captain Grove led me, when a spruce dark young man, rather under the middle size, greeted us with many bows and compliments in the anti-chamber, while he conducted us into the inner recess or office. This was Mr. Active, whose manner and person answered well to his name. In the office was seated a neat, ruddy-faced, very little old man, dressed in clothes of an ancient cut, and having a brown wig, black velvet

small-clothes, and white cotton stockings on ; he was introduced to me by the name of Mr. Colley. Presently afterwards Mr. Rumboy entered in a great hurry and very much heated, having just walked from his residence at Walworth. He was a remarkably ill-looking boney middle-sized man, apparently between fifty and sixty years old, and entered with a large stick in his hand ; in fact, until introduced to me, I took him for a bailiff, and I, have often heard it observed of this gentleman, that he never was known to look direct into a man's face in his life, while the truth of the old observation was perhaps verified in him, that the most pious in profession, are often the most profligate in practice. He appeared much surprised to find it was so late in the day, but, God bless him ! he repeated several times, he had been up late the night before, praying by a sick friend. On this, old Colley (for I must take the liberty of calling him by that familiar epithet) pulled out of his pocket a book of methodistical psalms, that he might point out the sweetest holy tune

for a dying ear. But while he was edifying us by singing the first stanza, in as pretty a voice as could reasonably be expected of a man of seventy-five years of age, people of various sorts came flocking into the office, and the mysteries of business commenced.

The first job done was for an old lady, who, addressing Mr. Rumboy, asked if he could put a little in for her that morning, on which he modestly assured her he could do her business as well as any man in the house, when she told him to be quick with it, for she had a great deal more to do in the city that morning.

The second customer was not so easily contented; she was a younger woman, and expected to obtain a good price for her *omnium*. She had been offered seven premium the other day, she declared, therefore she turned up her nose at Rumboy's proposal of six and a half; nor was it without a good deal of persuasion, and assurance that it was a falling market, that she at last consented to take six and five-eighths; and when she received it, she

declared she would not be so imposed on, if she could do longer without the money, and went away dissatisfied after the transaction was done.

While Rumboy used his best endeavours to please these ladies, Active was busily engaged with the other customers, to whom he explained the nature of the market, and pointed out those events from which a fall or a rise might be expected. But, in justice to this gentleman's oratory, it must be observed, that he backed every argument by the offer of a pinch of snuff out of an elegant snuff-box, which mode of reasoning had a good effect in bringing many people into the humour for doing business. Sometimes, while employed in this way, he would request Mr. Rumboy to step into the Stock Exchange to learn the last price of the market, when that intelligent gentleman would come running back almost breathless, in less than a minute, to say that Jem Littlebones, the jobber, had offered to sell him at five-eighths, which was a proof that the market was getting worse, for Jem



was one of the greediest jobbers in the house.

A message of this sort always had a proper effect, by bringing grist to the mill; for whether it was a rising or a falling market, people were equally eager to act upon it, and a commission or two generally followed Mr. Rumboy's communication.

But I shall not attempt to give an account of all the bargains that were made this morning; or one half the cavilling which took place about price; it being sufficient to tell, that I plainly discovered that buying and selling were *two* transactions, between which, in times of great fluctuations, there is frequently half a per cent. difference. Yet it would be unpardonable to pass over the gross ignorance of one of the greatest speculators of this connection, which was old Mr. Colley, a gentleman who occasionally did twenty or thirty thousand pounds time stock in one transaction with this firm, and yet never could be made to comprehend the difference between buying and selling, but generally expressed himself in an



erroneous way, by saying he would sell for a rise, or buy for a fall, instead of declaring himself in the opposite manner.

After passing a great part of the morning in this office, where I was well amused, read a couple of news papers, and was treated to a profusion of scented snuff, Captain Grove took me upon the Royal Exchange; though not until I had promised Mr. Active that I would visit his office again on the following morning.

While the captain and I were walking on 'Change, we were surprised by the appearance of Corporal Brady, who having heard where Captain Grove was to be met, had come to pay his respects to him. But when the corporal approached near to us, his sorrow at the captain's misfortunes quite overcame his feelings; and I saw a tear glisten in his eye, while his tongue refused its office. The gallant fellow turned away in silence, wiping his eye with the back of his hand, and as he passed under the gateway of the Royal Exchange, happening to meet Mr. Glover, who had just

arrived from *watching* the market, he expressed himself to that friend of mine, in the following laconic manner; "For God's sake, haste away from this place, Mr. Glover, or, by Jasus, you won't have a coat left to cover your naked back!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Clinton's second Visit to Bartholomew Lane.—Meets an old Friend there.—Rumboy's Disaster.—Old Colley's Gallantry, Religious Conduct, and Misfortune.*

I HAD been so well amused in Bartholomew Lane, that I hastened there on the following morning, to be present at the commencement of the day's sport, and my arrival was greeted with great politeness by Mr. Active. His partner had not arrived; but, in addition to old Colley, who was spelling over a morning paper (for by his own confession he could not read long words) there sat an old military friend of mine, with whom I had become acquainted in Flanders, where we served together with the troops at Menin, but whom I had not seen since the wedding of the gay

deciver, on which occasion he was one of the gentlemen who escorted the bride to Madame Flora's, and I remember he was a great favorite with the latter lady, and an admirer of her cupola, wherein he frequently partook of her dainties.

We were much pleased at meeting each other, and Captain Will Meachell, for so he is called, told me, that being an idler, and not so rich as he could wish, to enable him to enjoy the good things of this world, he was about becoming a member of the Stock Exchange, where every body seemed to thrive. I, of course, wished him success, and he whispered me, that I should see rare fun in that office, for some of the oddest characters imaginable almost daily assembled therein. But our conversation was broken off by the entrance of Mr Rumboy, dressed in a new suit of black, and exhibiting a pair of black eyes. He cut so strange a figure that even old Colley grinned, while he recommended a wash for Rumboy's eyes; the same, he said, that had just cured his own broken shin. However, poor Mr. Rumboy accounted so

well for the misfortune he had met with, in being robbed and stripped of his clothes, as he was going home the preceding night from his sick friend, that I felt compassion for him; though I was surprised to see every body else in the office laughing.

Presently afterwards, several ladies and other people crowded into the office, and (as I afterwards found) one of these ladies, who was about fifty years old, was a dashing widow, possessed of an immense fortune, and moving in a high sphere of life; at sight of whom, old Colley held up his head, and grinned, so as to show his liquorish old tusk, for he had but one tooth; and then proceeded to pay compliments in his way,—such for instance, as praising the lady's munificence, in subscribing half-a-guinea towards the erection of a new church; after which, at Rumboy's suggestion, he sung a stave of a new psalm. But Meachell maliciously siezed every opportunity for putting questions to the old gentleman, such as the following: "Pray, Mr. Colley, how long has your dear wife been dead?" "Ten months, Captain Meachell."

The old gentleman, looking as though he had vinegar in his mouth at every question; "I have heard you lived very happy with her, Mr. Colley." "I can't say that I did, sir." "Is it true, Mr. Colley, that she once discharged the contents of a large bed-room implement from the window, upon your head, while you were kissing the maid below?" "It is a scandalous report, Captain Meachell, for I never kissed any woman; that is to say, any other woman but her; though it is true she threw the filth upon my head; but she's dead, and I forgive her; and, moreover, I buried her fourteen feet in the ground that she might lie safe." "Well, that was very good of you, Mr. Colley, besides, it secured you against the chance of her troubling you again; but pray, Mr. Colley, allow me to ask, have you ever had a child?" "Why, *not exactly*," said the old gentleman, coughing.

This was too much. The widow and every body else burst into laughter; and very soon afterwards the wealthy lady retired, being accompanied to her carriage by Active and the persevering widower.

I should observe, that while these conversations were going forward, Rumboy and Active were in and out of the office as business required.

Soon after the widow's retreat, old Colley, who, it should be known, was a strong methodist, and consequently a regular attendant at meeting, also frequented prayers at the church of England, that he might the better insure a birth in heaven; and this being prayer day at Bartholomew church, after hearing the last price of stocks, and cautioning the office clerk to come into the sacred building, and make a sign to him, should there be any variation in price, went very composedly to church.

While old Colley was at Bartholomew church, Meachell somehow discovered that Rumboy, who regularly got drunk, and visited a house of ill-fame every night, had received his black eyes from a black woman, and lost his money, and had his clothes spoiled in a house of this sort. In consequence of this discovery, when this broker entered his office, he determined to have some fun at his



expense, and put his mock modesty to the proof.

Accordingly, when Rumboy came in, Meachell observed, what a good man old Colley was, and that he was now at church; on which, Rumboy exclaimed, Ah, God bless him! he was a good man, but he (Rumboy) would be at church too, if it was not for his business. On this, Meachell said, that old Colley never went astray, got drunk, or visited houses of ill-fame; when Rumboy replied, "No, God bless him! the old gentleman was a good man, and so would he (Rumboy) be, but for his business."

The unmeant force of this reply, set every one a laughing.

Meachell now changed the conversation from houses of ill-fame to the women who occupied them; observing to Rumboy, that he was astonished how men could so far deviate from the path of rectitude as to visit females of notorious bad characters. When Rumboy replied, God bless him! it was very wonderful indeed.

At last, Meachell, looking full in the broker's

face, said, "I know, Mr. Rumboy, that you are a man of taste and fancy, therefore, pray dont be angry at my asking a simple question. Did you ever kiss a black woman?" At this speech, the apparent indignation of Mr. Rumboy became so great, that for one moment, he elevated his eyes to the level of Meachell's chin, and extending his left arm at full length, drew the edge of his right hand backwards and forwards over it, in imitation of cutting, while he said, "What's that you say, Captain Meachell? kiss a black woman! God bless me! I'd sooner cut of my arm first."

The laughter caused by the preceding question and answer, had scarcely subsided, when Active entered the office, announcing a sudden fall in consols. of half a per cent. The clerk immediately left the room to notify the news to old Colley, in Bartholomew church, whom he found in the act of singing in the middle of a psalm, but with his eyes fixed upon the door. No sooner did the old gentleman discover the preconcerted signal, than he

pocketed his psalter, and left off singing, while he hastily quitted the church, at the door of which the clerk communicated the heart-rending intelligence, by which his consol account was a hundred and fifty pounds worse for him than when he entered the church.

Now, old Colley, as I have said before, was a bold speculator; nevertheless, he was a very nervous man, and whenever the stock market went against him, he was afflicted with a pain in his stomach; for these causes he entered the office in sad tribulation, and after procuring a lighted candle from the clerk, he descended to a sort of infernal region, situated under the office, in which the light of day never appeared, unless when a small trap-door in the office floor was opened. The old gentleman had not long disappeared, before we heard violent outcries from beneath us, but the clerk said, it was merely Mr. Colley singing one of his favorite psalms, so we paid little attention to the noise for some time, until at length, Active, thinking it very odd he should sing so loud, was induced to open the

trap door, when we discovered poor old Colley, who had fallen into a large tub full of water.

We all assisted in conveying the unfortunate old gentleman up stairs, though he was in a disagreeable condition to meddle with; for what between his complaint, and the water, this otherwise nice little old man was in a truly woful plight. However, we comforted him by the fire, and Rumboy rubbed his head dry, and kindly lent him an old Welch wig, that luckily happened to be in the office cupboard, for old Colley's wig was too wet to wear any more that day; while Active, for his future comfort, promised to buy an office lantern, that the old gentleman's candle might not again be blown out in the infernal regions below.

I should observe, that Captain Grove occasionally was present at these ludicrous scenes, though he was much oftener engaged on the Royal Exchange; and that Glover made his appearance once or twice, when he had stolen a few minutes from *watching* the market.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*Active gives a magnificent Dinner at the Albion.—Description of the Company.*

Now Active, who naturally possessed much generosity, and, moreover, had the good sense to discern that liberality of conduct is the surest way of extending and preserving a connection, came to the resolution of giving a dinner, and determined it should be on a scale of magnificence, that the guests would not easily forget. For which he selected the Albion hotel, in Aldersgate street; and having fixed the day, and invited upwards of a score of his choicest friends and customers, he gave directions to the landlord of this most deservedly celebrated house to provide a dinner for twenty people in the most elegant stile; and as nobility and other great folks, on similar occasions,

are usually content with two courses, he gave directions to have three provided for his table.

Although I had no other claim upon Mr. Active's hospitality than Captain Grove's introduction, yet he politely invited me to this superb dinner, which I shall content myself by saying was given in a stile of magnificence that no petty German prince ever aspired to sit down to at his own expense. In short, there was every exquisite dish upon the table that was in season, and every choice wine that could be fancied; while the liberal broker afterwards cheerfully paid one hundred pounds for this more than princely treat to his twenty guests. However, it is not the dinner, but the select society who partook of it that I have to record

In addition to old Colley, Rumboy, Meachell, Grove, Glover, and I, there was present a German, named Ardman, who, in reward for faithful services to a royal duke, had obtained a place in the city; an old gentleman, named Buy, who was a great orator, but unfortunately afflicted with a weakness when he held forth, from the con-



sequences of which he was nick-named, even amongst children, old stained-breech; a consequential sort of a west country banker; two London gin refiners, of Thames-street; an honest young fellow of Stourbridge; a droll old lawyer, called Bite; and half-a-dozen merchants, or topping tradesmen.

Most of the company having assembled, and the dinner being announced, we were conducted from an elegant drawing-room into the chamber of delicacies, around which, after some ceremony, we were pleasantly seated, each with a servant at his back. Active took his station at the head of the table, and his cousin, the Stourbridge lad, at the foot, while I was about the middle, next Mr. Rumboy, and Meachell opposite to me, close to old Colley.

Ardman, who came late, entered the room while we were devouring the fish, and his bushy black head of curly hair, the size of an immense mop, drew every body's attention, and made the waiters grin, he having wasted an enormous quantity of powder upon it, without much disguising the jetty color of



the hair, while streams of perspiration carried the powder fast down his heated cheeks.

Having finished my fish, I asked old Colley to take a glass of wine with me, when, doubtless, to shew the purity of his taste, he called out in a loud tone of voice, that he would rather drink a glass of small beer; accordingly, one of the waiters had to produce that harmless beverage: meantime, Rumboy, whose eyes and face were fit ornaments for any party, went into the opposite extreme, for Will Meachell having asked him to take wine, he hastily filled his glass from a bottle of Sauterne, of which he had no sooner tasted, than turning round, he spit the remainder of the wine upon the carpet, declaring it was *wishy washy* stuff, and ordering the waiter to put a tumbler of brandy near him, that he might doctor the French rot-gut.

But to pass over the dinner, at which Active, in performing the honors of the table, became nearly intoxicated, old Colley fainted at the smell of a salmon, because as how his mother loathed that there fish; Meachell, for a similar reason, made ugly faces at scenting a

'rotten cheese; Rumboy qualified his wine with two tumblers of brandy; and many other trifling sights of a similar sort, I will at once come to the dessert.

Here old Colley, upon whom the liquor began to work, made himself conspicuous by toasting the memory of pretty Meg, the sweetheart of his boyish days, and afterwards by singing a psalm, quite out of tune; Rumboy and Meachell by singing various strange and indelicate songs; Grove, by refusing to drink the health of a very subordinate military character, toasted by one of the party as at the head of the British army, instead of its proper illustrious chief; the lawyer, by trying to bring several arguments into quarrels; the gin refiners, by drinking wine till they were almost as sick as their own poisonous compound could have made them; Glover, by expressing fears about his ability to *watch* the market next day; and old stained-breech, by making a speech, of which the following account may give some faint idea.

This distinguished orator having elevated himself, according to his custom in delivering

orations, by standing upright in an arm chair, thus began his speech upon India affairs, which subject he appeared to have selected for the information of a great dealer in spices who sat next to him.

“Gentlemen,—It is the general error of my countrymen, to imagine that we shall always possess the East Indies; for the master rarely has eyes to discover the strength of his slaves. Our ancestors found the kingdoms in India divided amongst themselves, and all classes and states under the influence of the grossest bigotry, despotism, and idolatry. The most contemptible European governments then selected for themselves such valuable provinces of the fertile continent of India, as they fancied, or found convenient to them, while the approbation of the infatuated natives was not even a consideration with the settlers; for bigotry and despotism, gentlemen, have no power, except over their own unfortunate votaries; therefore, where opposition was made to these robberies, it was trifling, and easily overcome. But these are very obvious truths, otherwise such contempt-

ible powers as Portugal and Holland could not have reigned over populous and extensive kingdoms in the East Indies.

“As the value of India became better known, greater European powers struggled for the empire over it; and the French, who are seldom backward in acts of aggression and injustice, seized possession of several of the most esteemed provinces; but, as must always be the case on such occasions, from the very nature of the two governments, these provinces were soon rent from a nation which can never be formidable beyond the continent of Europe, and the base art of intrigue, to become the undisputed property of Great Britain. But we were not content with the possession of provinces; we struggled for the whole empire of India, and we obtained it. Thus a company of merchants became masters of more real sovereign sway than any reigning monarch; while the nature of this company was so little known to the slaves, that they ignorantly proposed to bestow the title of Great Mogul on their arbitrary money-making masters.

“ I shall not enter into the policy of having subjugated the continent of India, for, in all probability, the lures of prize-money and patronage would have made the governors employed by the company attempt that measure, without much respect to the opinion of their employers. But the grand consideration now is, whether we shall be able to govern India much longer; for when we bear in mind, that thirty thousand Europeans have to depend on two hundred thousand native troops, who may become dissatisfied on the most trivial occasion,—such, for instance, as cutting off their mustachoes, abridging their allowances, or any one of a thousand other things which might be enumerated; and who must ultimately feel their own strength, while the age of bigotry is passing fast away in that country, where the press begins to disseminate truth, and a race of mixed people are becoming very numerous and enlightened;—I say, considering——” but, alas! the oration was interrupted here by Mr. Rumboy striking up an indecent tune, in a thundering loud voice, so that we found it impracticable to obtain the

gratification of hearing the remainder of the speech.

It is true that old Colley attempted an oration after this, but his language was so difficult to understand, as he called cold, *kould*, told, *tould*, and pronounced almost every word so extremely wrong, that I shall not attempt to relate it, though I remember the burden of his speech was concerning a swinging-bridge, which he *tould* us he had proposed, through one of his royal highness's footmen, to the first royal subject in the kingdom, to erect, at the duke's expense, but under his own superintendence, over the river Thames, at Shadwell.

However, to bring this scene to a conclusion, I have only to add, that Active was conveyed away, inebriated, in a hackney coach, as were the gin refiners, the formal banker, old Buy, and several others; after which, the rest of us sat drinking, until Rumboy had emptied the brimming contents of a chamber utensil upon old Bite's head, as he (Rumboy) declared to anoint him as one of his chosen friends. At length we broke



up, with our skins full of wine, when old Colley was carried home by Meachell and Rumboy, who, by mistake, put him into his young housekeeper's bed; after which Rumboy (who owned to Meachell he had made it up with her) staggered away to find his old flame, the black woman.



## CHAPTER XXV.

*Ned Clinton's third Visit to Bartholomew Lane.—The Mysteries of Stock Jobbing.—A few of its Dupes pointed out.*

THE day after our feast, I again visited the office in Bartholomew lane, but Active was absent, not having as yet recovered from the fumes of the wine; while Mr. Rumboy said, God bless him! he was very well, though 'twas a wild dinner party the day before:—God bless him! if he had been aware of it, he would'nt have ventured near them; however, his partner was a sad wild young fellow. As to old Colley, he was at Walworth, hearing a canting namesake of his preach a sermon at the methodist meeting; and Mr. Rumboy declared, in the most serious manner possible, that the good old gentleman would be sure to

pray for a great fall in the stocks, God bless him!

Not feeling much edified by Mr. Rumboy's discourse, Captain Grove and I proceeded on 'Change, where he addressed me in the following manner:—

“ I dare say you feel surprised, Mr. Clinton, that I still persevere in the folly of gambling in the funds, and I am often surprised at it myself; but, unfortunately, the desire of recovering my losses, serves, in spite of my reason, as a loadstone to draw me into greater ruin: in fact, the desire of gain is a kind of ignis-fatuus that misleads the most wary, and makes the most prudent become desperate. However, to convince you that I can see my folly, though, like the victim of a basilisk, I cannot escape it, I will point out to you some of the grievous odds against the public speculator; and I recommend you to profit by my experience, so as never to engage in a speculative transaction in the funds.

“ In the first place I cannot avoid remarking, that a man to do any good as a stock-jobber, must be divested of all prin-

ciple, because the very essence of this business consists in one party over-reaching the other; and whether this is done by stating false news, by giving a wrong quotation of price, or any other guile, the imposition is the same. Thus a great speculator, or I'll say a party of speculators, acting in unison, will not only circulate false reports to answer their private ends, but they will publicly buy or sell in the money market, as if acting upon these reports, although at the same time their agents are quietly transacting ten times more business for these men in the opposite way. This is one of the many methods of realizing property in the stocks, at the expense of probity.

“ A second consideration is the turn of the market, whereby, supposing the business of a person not belonging to the Stock Exchange to be done as fairly as possible, still he loses an eighth, and brokerage is another eighth, and if it's a time bargain it must afterwards be undone, and there goes another eighth; thus the market requires to move

three-eighths in his favor, before the speculator can get harmless out of the scrape.

“ These are stubborn facts, Mr. Clinton, and in the end they must ruin every persevering speculator not belonging to the Stock Exchange.

“ But, in addition to these sad facts, the man whose dark star has doomed him to be a speculator in the funds, should bear in mind that he must pay what he loses, or the alluring game is over with him, while 'tis a chance if he is paid should he *accidentally* become a gainer.

“ If he doubts this, let him visit the Royal Exchange the day after a heavy settlement, and enquire there how many Stock Exchange gentlemen have *waddled*? and for one that he hears of, there will probably be twenty *private* defaulters, whose accounts affect nearly the whole chain of these locusts.

“ I could say much more on this subject, but conceiving what I have said to be sufficient to prove, that speculating in the funds is almost certain loss, I shall now merely re-

mark that the public, in buying and selling stock, also are open to the grossest imposition ; for the broker has it in his power to bargain with his friend, another broker, for an eighth or two more or less than the market price, and these honest gentlemen can divide the profit at their leisure, while the unsuspecting customer thinks all must be right, because the bank transfer shews for how much the stock was sold.

“ Thus it is evidently the interest of stockholders to let their money remain quiet in whatever stock it may be. However, Mr. Clinton, it is but just for me in concluding these remarks to observe, that when you have any real money business to transact in the public funds, I can recommend Mr. Active to your notice as one of the most conscientious and liberal brokers on the Stock Exchange.

“ If you now have leisure to step to Chapel Court,” resumed Captain Grove, “ I will point out to you, amongst the crowd there, a few of the many infatuated dupes, like

myself, who may also serve as beacons to warn you from the dangers I have pointed out."

Having proceeded to the court, and taken our stations near the entrance door of a house situated in about the middle of it, the captain began his observations.

"Look," said he, "at that pot-bellied short old man standing in the opposite door-way; he is the celebrated foreign quack doctor, who many years ago obtained a patent for vending his pills, and it is generally supposed that he was not long in realizing near seventy thousand pounds by them. His astonishing success turned his brain, and he paraded about the streets of London in a carriage, for which he paid full fifteen hundred pounds, while at the same time he negotiated in his native country for the purchase of a barony. Every preliminary arrangement is said to have been settled, and the patent to have been made out, when some objections arose about ennobling a quack doctor, and he consequently sold his patent, but instead of securing the barony,



lost the greater part of his money in gambling.

“ Now turn your eyes to that tall thin old man,” resumed the captain, “ for he affords another proof of the truth of that vulgar proverb, that ‘ what’s got over the devil’s back, will be spent under his belly.’ His father was a celebrated quack doctor also, but his patent was for vending a syrup, and this syrup made his fortune. The old emperic when he died, was possessed of a fine estate, in an adjacent county, besides a town house, and much other property. He left two sons to share his wealth and his patent, and the person before you is the oldest of them. The love of gold brought them both here, and more than half their wealth is said to be already gone, while, if they pay their losses, it must all follow. Observe the old gentleman, he is lame from a fall which he met with in descending from the roof of his house, where to save two-pence, he had been clearing the snow away. Money is this man’s delight, and he forcibly shews it in every transaction.



of his life. For instance, at the chop-house in this neighbourhood, where he dines, he has made a specific bargain, by which he daily saves a halfpenny, yet it was but the other day that in an attempt of his to save brokerage, he was swindled out of more than a thousand pounds worth of bank notes while sitting upon a bench in the Royal Exchange.

“ However, it appears as if the stock-jobbing transactions of these gentlemen would soon be brought to a termination, for the younger brother, since a recent settling day, has not made his appearance here, whilst this gentleman’s head-piece is far from being of a nature to save his pocket from the voracious sharks of this place.

“ Observe now that busy anxious-looking gentleman; he is a post-captain in the royal navy, and possesses the highest sense of honor. He is a good father of a family, and a worthy man in every respect. It was his misfortune to be brought here in the idle hope of gaining money for his children, after having sustained a loss of several thousands through the

treachery of a professed friend. I wish him success," continued the captain, "though I tremble for his fate.

"Regard now that slender intelligent looking man; he is an Irish baronet, and was once a banker, but like the rest of us he can do no good here.

"See that gentleman-like ruddy faced man next to the baronet; he is a banker in Buckinghamshire, a celebrated sportsman, and an excellent fellow; I wish he was as rich as he deserves to be, but I fear ——"

Here the captain's remarks were interrupted by a scene of great noise and confusion, caused by the gentlemen (as they call themselves) of the Stock Exchange, having promised a chimney-sweep half-a-crown, if he succeeded in kissing a poor female who attends there to solicit charity, and whose brother was a bank clerk, who suffered an untimely fate.

The struggles between a dirty sweep and a decent-looking woman, said to be disordered in her intellects, afforded so disgusting a sight,

that we turned away from the alley with abhorrence, mixed with some wonder, at discovering that amongst mankind there should be found people so lost to the feelings of decency and compassion, as to encourage such a disgraceful scene.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*Glover becomes a lame Duck.—His Experiments for making Money.—Clinton accompanies him to the Chambers of a notorious Swindler.*

A FEW days after our dinner at the Albion, Glover's city speculations, in spite of his unceasing attention in *watching* the market, went altogether wrong, and the poor fellow *waddled* away from Chapel Court a defaulter, or, as the stock-brokers emphatically call it, a *lame duck*. But I was much pleased to find that this long dreaded event, had a good effect upon my friend, for no longer having the tempting prospect of gain before his eyes, and on the other hand nothing worse to fear, he immediately became more composed, and

very soon afterwards resumed something of his former gaiety.

In this improved state of mind (like a prudent young fellow) he began to look sharply about, in the hope of procuring some employment by which he might gradually recover his losses, and live like a gentleman, without exposing his late folly to the worthy alderman, his father.

He told me he had tried several experiments for making money previous to his dabbling in the funds, but they had all ended in loss. One of these efforts was by buying a thousand pair of soldier's ammunition shoes, which, when he served in Portugal, sold for six and sixpence a pair, therefore he thought he had made an admirable bargain in buying this large lot of shoes at a government sale for three and two-pence a pair, although the event proved otherwise, for after great expense and trouble in conveying them about the country, he was glad to get rid of the shoes at last for one and tenpence a pair.

Another of his experiments was in buying a large quantity of *cheap* articles at a great

public sale in a deceased nobleman's late dwelling-house, which articles my friend conceived would produce at least one hundred per cent. clear profit, if sold at Hereford, but after he had paid twenty-five per cent. deposit for the goods, he fortunately discovered it had been a mock auction, and that the things were all trumpery, therefore after consulting an appraiser, he sacrificed the twenty-five per cent. and thought himself well rid of the bargain.

These and a few more unsuccessful experiments of a similar nature, had taught my friend the valuable knowledge, that a man ought to buy nothing more than he wants.

However, at last, Glover thought he had met with the very thing he was searching after, and hastened to me one morning at my breakfast time with a newspaper in his hand, to communicate the pleasing intelligence. It was merely an advertisement of two lines, stating, that any gentleman desirous of a situation under government, of from one to eight hundred pounds a-year, might find an eligible means of procuring the same, by addressing a

letter, containing real name and address, and appointing a time and place for interview, to B. B—, Esq. Reid's Coffee-house, Fleet-street.

I agreed to accompany my friend, who wrote a letter appointing the next morning for our interview; and at the same time assured me, that when he could communicate the particulars of what situation he was to obtain, his father would not hesitate in advancing the purchase money.

My friend was all anxiety for the eventful meeting, and ere the appointed hour had struck, we were at our stations. After sitting a few minutes, and exactly to his time, a tall dark young man with a large hook nose, and fashionably dressed, entered the coffee-room, and addressing himself to us, enquired if we were the gentlemen who had appointed to meet B B—. Having satisfied him, we proceeded to business, when he informed Mr. Glover of a variety of situations under government, from which he might make his selection, on condition of his paying a *douceur*, according to the annual income of the post; and de-



positing the sum agreed upon in his hands, for the security of the great personage, who had the disposal of the place, and whose agent this gentleman professed to be.

For the most convincing of reasons, namely that of not possessing the requisite sum of money, these conditions could not have been complied with; however, my friend knew better than to betray his poverty, and therefore prudently stated that his objections were to entrusting a sum of money in the hands of a perfect stranger; on this communication the gentleman became indignant, and talked loudly of his honor, rank, and great connections, at the same time expressing astonishment that any gentleman could hesitate in complying with the rational proposition he had made; however, when he found that his high tone brought no offer of a deposit, he suggested that he would introduce us that same day to a young gentleman of consequence, who bore the name and was nearly related to a great man, possessing the first interests in the kingdom, and who had the disposal of a variety of situations under govern-

ment. Accordingly, we were conducted by him into one of the courts in the Temple, and ushered into an elegant anti-chamber, where he desired us to wait until Mr. B. B. was disengaged. At length the hook-nosed gentleman returned to us, from the chamber of the great young man, to whom he now conducted us.

On entering the elegantly furnished chamber, we beheld a gentleman reclining upon a sofa, in front of which stood a table, covered with writing paper and letters, and bearing every appearance of much business being transacted at it. He rose, and we were surprised at his youth, for a beard had scarcely disfigured his chin, yet he was well grown and elegantly made, had a handsome face, and red hair, and was dressed in the extreme of fashion.

Having bowed to us, he turned to the hook-nosed gentleman, and carelessly asked if the opera box had been secured for that evening ; and being answered in the affirmative, he begged us to be seated, and shortly afterwards began conversing on Glover's business.

I shall not attempt a relation of the conversation which passed, it being sufficient to state that the young man possessed the most easy and engaging manners, and enumerated about a dozen valuable posts from which my friend might make his selection. At length Glover made choice of a place in the treasury, of eight hundred pounds a-year salary, and requiring only two hours daily attendance.

But the difficulty now rose about money; for Mr. B— declared he would not stir in the transaction until he had a deposit of one thousand pounds, and a written engagement for one thousand more, to be paid when my friend was installed in his office; though the moment these conditions were complied with, he assured us he would see the first lord of the treasury, and settle the business at once, for the post was already vacant, and his powerful relation and name-sake had the nomination to it.

Glover was now driven to plead the old objection, that of entrusting his money to a perfect stranger, which want of confidence

seemed to nettle the pride of both these gentlemen, but most particularly of the hook-nosed man, who did little else than talk of his wounded honor. However, Mr. B. B—, after a time, to convince Glover he was no impostor, but merely sought for reasonable security, offered to hold my friend's *unendorsed* bank post bill for one thousand pounds, or, if Glover preferred it, that the thousand pounds should be lodged at a banker's, in the joint names of B. B—, Esq. and Mr. Glover, with instructions to the banker to pay the money to B. B—'s order when my friend was appointed to the office.

This liberal proposal could not be acceded to for the reason I have already specified, but we took our departure from the elegant Mr. B. B— and the hook-nosed gentleman, with promises of considering whether Mr. Glover should comply with the proposed conditions, and letting them know our determination on a future day, as the young gentleman obligingly promised that the place should be kept open one week for Mr. Glover's de-

cision ; and that if he purchased it, he would engage to obtain permission for Glover to hold his half-pay also. However, I should observe, that in quitting Mr. B. B—'s chambers, we were shown out by the hook-nosed gentleman at a different door from the one we had entered at, as it appeared to us, that we might not meet, or be seen by, another place-hunter or two, then waiting in the anti-chamber.

My friend (to use the corporal's favorite expression) was not a little bothered by the tempting offers he had received ; however, the very day following that of our audience, his mind was relieved from all anxiety on the interesting subject, for, on perusing an evening paper, we discovered that B. B— Esq. and the hook-nosed gentleman had been disturbed by the officers of justice, while engaged in their ordinary daily business, and that B. B—, Esq. was vilely sent to a public gail, after undergoing a strict examination at Bow-street, before the first magistrate of the police.

It will doubtless appear surprising, how a

gross imposition, of the nature I have described, could have been publicly carried on by means of advertisements through the daily papers, to the prejudice of an upright administration; for there can be no man in the kingdom so simple as to credit, that the ministers of Great Britain would connive at so intolerable an abuse, as that of the public sale of places under government. Yet, that instances may sometimes occur of situations being improperly disposed of, in a country where the enormous patronage is so widely diffused, it would be equal folly to dispute. But of all extraordinary weaknesses, it seems the most surprising that the public should have been so credulous as to become the dupes of an impudent sharper, such as I have described; or that any people in their senses should have listened with common patience to his lying assertions, either regarding the first lord of the treasury, or his highly honorable and distinguished namesake.

However, as it will show how easily people are to be duped, and may also serve as a caution



against the arts of similar impostors, I will mention that Mr. B. B— succeeded in obtaining from the public, in a short space of time, and in the manner I have explained, nearly five thousand pounds ; and that, when the deluded parties deposited bank post-bills, they served him to play with at rouge tables, where, when lost, they were left *unendorsed* ; while, in cases where money was lodged in joint names at a banker's, he referred those tradesmen of whom he wanted credit to that banking-house, and on the strength of his account he obtained their goods.

But all this did him no good, for at the time of his apprehension he was pennyless, having lost every thing at play, whilst, as is usual with such characters, he was indebted to every one who had trusted him, therefore he was no sooner released from jail than he was arrested for debt ; after which he took the benefit of the insolvent act, then got into the King's Bench again, when he obtained a day-rule, and effected his escape to South America.

What became of that subordinate character,



the hook-nosed gentleman, is scarce worth the enquiry: although, as a caution to such wealthy young men as are ignorant of this mode of entrapping them, it may not be amiss to mention, that sometime after the Bow-street examination, he was taken into the service of a first-rate fashionable west-end of the town gambling establishment, at a salary of three guineas per week, in return for which he engaged to introduce fresh-monied dupes to its tables. Often, since the wretch entered on this base employment, I have seen him most elegantly dressed, frequenting various coffee-houses, and lounging in the most fashionable streets of the metropolis, while he is *privately* acquainted with many waiters belonging to the several hotels, and from them learns the names and fortunes of the visitors, with some of whom he contrives to become acquainted, and then inveigles the unfortunate gentlemen to the hell that he serves.

For this species of crime unfortunately the law knows no punishment, yet numerous emissaries, similar to the hook-nosed gentle

man, are daily employed in searching for new victims ; they are, however, mostly wretches of the vilest description,—common informers ; men who eventually betray the very establishments that pay them, and with the same unfeeling barbarity occasion their hotel friends and their patrons, the gaming-house proprietors, to eat their bread together in that common prison, to which the crimes of these monsters bring themselves, when they chance to escape transportation or the gallows.

It should also be told that an unfortunate young gentleman, once possessed of good property, but who had nearly ruined himself in horse-racing, and then been duped out of the residue of his money by B. B—, afterwards had the weakness to act in collusion with this swindler, and having obtained a bank post-bill, on the promise of procuring its owner a situation ; and at the same time not being so wary as B. B—, he passed the bill away *endorsed*, for which he was apprehended, tried, and sentenced at the Old Bailey to suffer death ; though the royal mercy, after he had

been kept for a considerable time in the most horrid state of suspense, was graciously extended to the poor fellow, and he was transported *for life*.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Clinton meets a celebrated Guerilla Chief.  
—His Narrative.*

ONE afternoon, when I was walking in the Royal Exchange with Captain Grove, we were most agreeably surprised by recognising Sergeant Read, who was busily engaged in conversation with some Spanish officers. The worthy fellow did not perceive us until we addressed him, when he appeared delighted at the meeting; and, after a short conversation together, he most readily accepted of the captain's invitation to accompany us to a coffee-house dinner, from which, for the convenience of smoking cigars, we adjourned to the celebrated *Shades*, where, over our wine, the gallant soldier, at Captain Grove's request,

avored us with the following account of himself.

“Doubtless,” said Read, addressing Captain Grove, “Mr. Clinton has communicated to you the particulars of the last interview we had together, when I related to him my adventures in the Spanish Peninsula up to that period; therefore I need not repeat the narrative, but merely relate the leading events of my history, from the time in question.

“When I saw, Mr. Clinton, the British army was retiring into Portugal to take up its winter quarters, and as the French almost immediately afterwards advanced near to the Spanish frontier, and consequently became masters of the territory upon which my brave party had to subsist, I found myself, as their leader, placed in a most trying situation. The clergy, whose property we had never spared when it fell into our hands, now perpetually urged their Gallic friends to destroy us; and they, to oblige the priests, chiefly through whose influence they obtained their supplies, frequently sent out detachments for this purpose. However, such was our vigilance, that

we were never surprised, while the peasantry, to whom we had always shewn favor, generally gave us information of the enemy's movements, but were never known to betray us. Still this was a state of things that could not continue long; for the country was completely drained of provisions, and overrun by troops, while none, except the poorer classes, travelled without an escort of soldiers. At last we were literally driven to such severe distress for the want of food, that we voluntarily engaged with the military on several occasions, and thereby reduced our numbers without ameliorating the distressed situation of those who remained.

“ I well remember it was when our affairs were in this wretched state, that I assembled my followers, and proposed that we should forsake the pursuits of a banditti to become a regular Guerilla party, to which they at once unanimously agreed; and the first act we performed afterwards was that of surprising and plundering a rich convent of friars, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town of Valencia. However, this fresh aggression on

our side, gave rise to such additional vigilance and animosity on that of our foes, that considerable rewards were immediately offered for the capture or head of each individual of my party, while no less a sum than one thousand dollars was promised for my head. The troops throughout the entire province of Estremadura were now upon the alert for us, and the numerous detachments scattered over this fine country consequently made it impossible for us to remain longer at liberty in it, while it was with extreme difficulty we effected our retreat out of the province, and succeeded in reaching the mountains of Toledo.

“ Here we bade defiance to our pursuers, and long reigned in triumph ; while, from the fastnesses of these majestic mountains, we often descended upon the neighbouring plains, to the consternation both of our old enemies the clergy, and our treacherous Gallic invaders. We now caused incredible mischief to our foes, who dared not send small detachments near to our mountains ; although, from their having armies in each direction



beyond them, it was highly advisable they should keep the roads open and secure for constant communication.

“ It was whilst I was here that my party first became really formidable for its numbers. I had at one time full two hundred brave followers, at the head of whom I sometimes descended upon the plains on the side of Truxillo, and at others on that of Toledo, the very suburbs of both which I have triumphantly entered, although French garrisons occupied the cities at the time.

“ For more than a twelvemonth we continued masters of these mountains, during which many were the detachments cut off by my courageous band, and numerous were the foes who fell beneath our swords; until at last, the French government at Madrid, after having vainly offered terms, provided we would either join them or capitulate, detached several strong bodies of men against us, and we deemed it advisable to select a fresh country to campaign in.

“ Finding now that my band was not in itself of sufficient force for the purposes of war

in a more open country, I was from this time in the habit of joining with various distinguished Guerilla chiefs, most of whom I have served with, and strange anecdotes I could tell of many of them; however, this would be foreign to my purpose, and treacherous to these allies; therefore, I shall avoid the subject, and content myself by relating, that during the last four years, I have sustained almost incredible hardships and perils in campaigning, through the kingdoms of Valencia, Murcia, Castile, Estremadura, and Grenada.

“Numerous are the cities which I have entered as a conqueror, where we had driven the French before us; and often have I felt the want of a morsel of bread. Sometimes I have marched at the head of a large body of valiant Spaniards, and shortly afterwards seen them killed and dispersed, while unable to find a place of refuge for myself. I have rested one day in sound health in a palace, and the following day been wounded, and hid in a tree. I have swam rivers, while rancorous foes discharged bullets at my person; and I have feasted in convents, when wily friars had

food prepared to poison me, but which I made them eat. I have seen many hundreds of Frenchmen perish before my brave band ; and I have frequently escaped, after a disastrous defeat, while on two occasions it was my luck to be taken prisoner, once in Estremadura, when I got off by bribing a sentry, who deserted with me in the dead of the night ; and once in Grenada, from whence I effected my escape, after every form had been arranged for my public execution ; however, I am indebted for this last escape to a noble-minded Spanish female, whom I afterwards married, and who now shares my fortunes.

“ But, alas ! ” added Read, “ what avails the arduous and faithful services of brave men, for a bigoted government like that of Spain. After years of constant toils and perils, I saw the monarch of this kingdom restored to the throne of his forefathers ; and when the true friends and best supporters of his government at least expected to find gratitude, if not rewards, they met with persecutions, imprisonment, and every other sort of cruel injustice ; while the priests of this soil, the most bigoted,

ignorant, intolerant, deceitful, and selfish demons on earth, were cherished, and admitted into power, to open the dungeons of the diabolical Inquisition, for the reception of those brave and noble combatants, whose swords had paved the way for this change.

“It may seem surprising,” resumed Serjeant Read, “that I did not immediately fly from this kingdom; but I had fought so long for it, had so many brave companions in it, and had allied myself so closely to it by marriage, that I could not reconcile myself for a considerable length of time to break these endearing ties. However, when I beheld most of my gallant friends falling fast by the sword of injustice and reflected upon the wickedness, imbecility, and madness of the government, I began to deliberate most seriously upon flying, and my resolution was at once made up to this measure, when I ascertained that the monarch was zealously employed in embroidering a petticoat, to ornament a paltry image of the virgin.

“My wife and twenty of my bravest followers accompanied me to Corunna, where we

embarked in an English vessel: nor did I quit the coast of this beautiful and prolific country, without sighing over the wretched fate of its generous peasantry, at being governed in these enlightened days by Bigotry, Despotism, and Superstition. However, it afforded me pleasure to reflect, that these are monsters, who dig the pit for their own destruction; and that when they happily fall, as soon they must, and this my adopted country is severed from her American possessions, she will become truly great and formidable; mistress of an abundant trade, a brave peasantry, the most luxuriant of soils, rich internal mines, and shores conveniently situated for general commerce. She must then stand foremost amongst the proudest of nations; and, while she keeps the neighbouring European states in awe, her reign must be undisputed over the entire Spanish Peninsula; and, in all human probability, the just Disposer of events will suffer her to atone for past cruelties in America, by crushing her Mahometan neighbour, and abolishing the slavery of Africa.

“I have little more to say,” added Read,

“in concluding my story; as, on my arrival in town, I was favored with an audience by that excellent soldier, General Devereux, who, having carefully examined my credentials, and satisfied himself of my character and services, soon afterwards appointed me to the command of a regiment of Europeans in the service of the Colombian government; and, to-morrow morning, I purpose proceeding to Plymouth to embark for that country, where, under a feigned name (for my commission of a lieutenant-colonel has been made out, at my request, in that of my wife’s family), I hope to render myself conspicuous in fighting under the banners of that truly great general, who conquers only for the sake of justice, and magnanimously refuses every reward. However, nothing short of the destruction of the last page of history can ever obliterate the names of Washington and Bolivar from the proud records of North and South American liberty.”



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Ned Clinton's fair Cousin arrives in Town,  
—The West Indian lady, and her two  
Husbands.*

Soon after my friend Glover's unsuccessful negociation for a situation under government, I was most agreeably surprised by the sudden arrival of my fair cousin and her aunt from Italy. The dear girl came back with a color like a rose, and her health perfectly re-established, which improvements were to be attributed to the long journey, and not to the climate of Italy, which she had found oppressively hot.

Her banker had provided them a house in Wimpole Street, where I immediately became a constant visitor; and, except that I slept and breakfasted at my lodgings, I was almost



always with the ladies ; through whose introductions I was admitted into the most fashionable circles, and passed a great portion of many of my nights in the frivolous amusements of attending routes, and conversaciones, which every body acknowledges to be the most contemptible of all the English modes of visiting.

My friend Glover, whom I introduced to the ladies, generally accompanied us to all the large evening parties, for he was remarkably fond of society, particularly that of females, and therefore seemed much pleased with the routes.

One night he accompanied us to a large ball at an old West India lady's, who had come to this country about a year before, with her husband, who was much older than herself, and had been a planter in Jamaica for many years, where he possessed an immense income.

The cold weather killed him almost as soon as he arrived, and, in compliance with his will, the old planter's body was deposited in a cask

of rum, and shipped for Jamaica, to rest in the vault of his forefathers in that island.

Meanwhile, a half-pay major, tired of existing upon his poor pittance, and knowing the general character of West Indian ladies, and the great riches of this widow, availed himself of a slight acquaintance he had formed with the family to call at her house, under the pretence of condoling with her on the irreparable loss she had recently sustained.

The afflicted widow highly approved of the kind major's condolence, and soon derived so much consolation from his soothing words, that she was unhappy when he was away; whilst, on his part, he wished for nothing better than to be master of the house, and to receive the consignments of the estate.

Inspired with these mutual feelings for a close union, it is not to be supposed they were long in coming to a proper understanding. Yet, it must be allowed, there was some delicacy in asking a widow to marry, before the ship had carried the cask of rum and her

former spouse away. However, the modesty of a half-pay major was conquered by the grandeur of the prize; while the warmth of the Indian constitution could not withstand the sweet temptation of wedding the son of Mars. In short, he plainly put the question, and the bashful widow, with blushes, yielded her consent.

Still there was some indelicacy in the business, for the cask of rum was yet on the Thames; therefore the anxious couple delayed the nuptial bliss.

At last the ship got clear of the English coast, and the prudent widow was next day married; though not with great pomp, for the major was afraid of losing the rich prize, well knowing that crowds of men would propose to her, when they ascertained the cask was fairly gone.

Nevertheless, a number of select friends assembled at the wedding dinner, where the happy major was astonished at the magnitude of his prize. The massy plate displayed on this delightful occasion quite bewildered his

imagination, and the gold tea-urn afterwards produced almost turned his brain.

However, had not the lady been very deeply pierced with the dart of love, she would have met with a trifling damper to her nuptial joys; for a messenger reached her house that same evening, while she was making tea with the water from the golden urn, to inform her, that a foul wind had driven the ship back into an English port, which had on board the body of her late husband.

But, dear lady! she was too much bent on bliss, to suffer this paltry news to mar her pleasure. Yet the old man's return, really seemed ominous, for the major left her a day or two afterwards, being satisfied with the largest share of the income, and the consolation he had already given her.

Nothing more worthy of particular notice occurred at this ball, except it may be mentioned, that my friend Glover met with a slight rebuke from a creole girl with whom he was dancing; for, wishing to pay her some

civility, he was, in his usual manner, talking away very good-naturedly, when, looking earnestly in his face, she said, "Me no come here to chat, sir; me come here to dance."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*A Fishing Excursion.—Night Adventure  
in St. James's Park.*

I FREQUENTLY accompanied the ladies, in little excursions of pleasure to places in the vicinity of London, one of which I feel induced to mention, on account of an adventure which befel Corporal Brady.

Glover and I accompanied the ladies to dine at Foot's Cray, where, according to the custom of the inn, we were to amuse ourselves by catching fish out of a small preserve for our dinner; and the corporal, who was a great favorite in Wimpole Street, took a seat on the coach-box with his friend, the butler, on this excursion.

When at Foot's Cray, the corporal amused himself for some time by observing our success

in fishing; but the fish caught not proving large enough to please him, he declared it was all humbug in the landlord's putting a few small fry in that piece of water, that he might coax company there to fish, and then charge enormously for their dinners: "however," continued the corporal, "I'll try and shew the fellow a trick worth two of his; for it shall go hard with me, if I don't get some good fish for nothing."

Having declared his intention in this candid manner, away walked Corporal Brady, taking his course along the side of the fine trout stream; and Glover and I feeling desirous, about an hour afterwards, of witnessing the corporal's mode of fishing, followed him by the brook side.

We had walked a distance of rather better than half-a-mile, when, from behind some brushwood which sheltered us from observation, we discovered a gipsy fellow running as fast as he could towards us, with a bundle of clothes under his arm, and at some distance behind him was a naked man, running after the gipsy.



The race was evidently a most unequal one; the active gipsy, although he carried weight, beating his antagonist hollow,—and well he might; for few, if any people, are accustomed in England to run races naked; besides, the ground was in a rough condition for a bare-footed man. However, as the gipsy approached, we heard his naked pursuer bellowing out to have the thief stopped; and we knew the voice of the complainant the moment we heard it, for it was the honest corporal's. We remained quiet, and the unlucky gipsy ran almost into our arms before he discovered us, when, heated and out of breath, he had no chance of escaping, and we caught him without difficulty.

Having held the trembling wretch while Brady came up and put on his clothes, the gallant fellow then cut a stick from the hedge, and laid it over the thief of a gipsy's back, legs, and thighs, in so earnest a manner, that the fellow's cries brought several navigators from a distant field, who expected to find that a murder was being committed: however, the corporal having chastised the thief as

much as he fancied in this way, afterwards seized hold of his breech with one hand, and of his coat collar with the other, and threw him into the stream, from which it was with much difficulty that Glover and I could persuade the navigators to let the half-drowned wretch extricate himself, so bent were they upon a repetition of the sport; while, even Brady declared that a little more ducking would do his filthy carcass no harm.

After this exploit, my friend and I accompanied the corporal some distance farther along the side of the brook, till we came to the place where he had been employed in tickling trout, when the rascal of a gipsy stole his clothes from under a tree where he had left them, while he was naked in the water. However, although the corporal had been so unexpectedly disturbed by the Egyptian, before he had tickled half the fish he expected, yet he had come on no fool's errand, for six or seven fine trout were lying safe upon the bank.

The relation of this adventure afforded infinite mirth to the ladies; and though

anglers generally prefer the fish of their own taking to those caught by other people, yet none of our party would eat of any fish except Corporal Brady's fine trout, which we all relished excessively, and for which, by the by, the honest fellow received a most liberal present.

The party returned to town in the evening, and all supped in Wimpole-street; on our way home from which, and after having parted with Glover in the street, the corporal and I met with the following adventure.

We were crossing St. James's park, on our road to Queen Square, when we heard the cries of a man at some distance, who appeared to be struggling against others. We immediately ran to the spot from whence the noise issued, where we found two ruffians in the very act of robbing a gentleman whom they had knocked down; but, on our disturbing the villains, they furiously attacked us. It was my lot, in struggling with one of them, to fall on the ground with him; and as we lay together, fast in the grasp of each other, the corporal, whose antagonist had escaped, came very op-

portunately to my assistance, and we succeeded in securing the villain. Fortunately, the gentleman was not much hurt, nor had the rascals got any part of his property. We escorted him in safety through the park, passing under the gateway of the Horse Guards to Parliament Street, where we delivered our prisoner into the custody of some watchmen, and put the gentleman into his carriage, which was waiting for him near the spot.

He told me he was a surgeon residing near Moorfields, and that he had been to visit a patient at Pimlico, having, according to his usual custom, walked across the park to save his horses the long journey round it. The gentleman appeared extremely grateful for the services we had rendered him, and made the corporal a handsome present; nor did he part from us until he had given me his card, and obtained my promise to dine with him on the ensuing day.

## CHAPTER XXX.

*The mysterious Art of setting-up as a Surgeon-Apothecary.—Sketch of a celebrated Critic.*

I WAS punctual in attending my appointment with the surgeon, whom I found living in a style of elegance. He seemed to be an intelligent bustling character, rather past the middle period of life, was married, and had a number of children.

He gave me an excellent dinner, although he had no other visitor at table, and he treated me to several kinds of rare good wine. After his wife had withdrawn, I happened to observe that he lived in admirable style, enjoying all the good things of life; on which he replied, that he certainly had ample reason to be grateful to Providence for the abundance he

possessed ; “ But, sir,” continued he, “ I have not always been so highly favored ; for I assure you I have had my share of the hardships and struggles of life ; but, however, as I speak to a gentleman to whom I am under a serious obligation, and on whom I am sensible I may rely for not betraying my confidence, I will, if agreeable, in a few words, relate to you the outlines of my history ; by which I shall afford you an example, that a persevering character rarely need despair, and you will thereby also perceive that the world looks more to appearances than to real merit.”

Having thanked the surgeon for his favorable opinion, and expressed a strong desire to hear his history, the gentleman thus began :

“ My origin is of little consequence, therefore, I shall merely say that I was born of reputable parents in Perthshire, and regularly brought up to the profession of a surgeon. The first situation I filled after obtaining my medical qualifications, was that of an hospital mate on board of a man of war ; a place, sir, that in my opinion, must be worse than that of a common hangman. I had been inured to



hardships from my earliest youth, but I had not been exposed to constant insults; whilst in this most degrading of situations, it was necessary to be steeled against both. However, for a time I submitted to these evils, until one day, having obtained the indulgence of going a-shore at Portsmouth, I was grossly insulted and abused there by a lieutenant and a midshipman of the ship I belonged to, until my Scotch blood getting the better of my prudence, I kicked both these gentlemen. After this breach of naval discipline, I went no more on board, therefore was reported to have run away from the ship, and consequently deprived of the hard-earned wages that were due to me.

“The next situation I obtained was on board of a West-Indiaman, where the consequential vulgarity of the captain was insupportable, and I left him to attend to the negroes belonging to an estate in Jamaica. Here I did very well, until the yellow fever brought me to the brink of the grave, when I was glad to work my passage to England, as the surgeon of another West-Indiaman, to save my existence. I now became the assistant



of a medical practitioner at the west end of the town, and, after serving a twelvemonth with him, married his daughter, the amiable woman you have this day seen, and with whom I received a fortune of five hundred pounds. With this money I set up in business, at a fashionable part of the metropolis; but people of rank and consequence employed none but celebrated physicians and famous surgeons, who thoroughly understood all kinds of nervous complaints, and rode in their own carriages. These indispensables were the ruin of me; for I kept no carriage, and was honest and simple enough to assert, that nervous disorders were generally imaginary ills, to remedy which, activity and resolution had far better be made use of than medical prescriptions. At the expiration of three years of great anxiety I was pennyless, when I engaged as the surgeon of a South Sea whaler, at the same time agreeing with the owners that my wife should receive the largest share of my wages during my absence. In this miserable way I dragged on a wretched life for four long voyages, my family annually

increasing, and I living, during the greater part of my time, amidst the stink of the oil, the vulgarity of a ruffian-like crew, and suffering severely from the inclemencies of the region I visited.

“At the end of the fourth voyage I found myself master of forty pounds, whilst I did not owe one shilling, and with this sum, assisted by former experience, I determined once more to try my fortune in business; accordingly, I selected the situation where I now reside, because it is one of the most populous in London, and the greater part of its inhabitants are too poor to be afflicted with nervous complaints, which I cannot make myself impostor enough to thoroughly humor; and I boldly took this house, of which all the wealth I possessed in the world would scarcely have paid the rent for four months.

“My bottles, medicines, and fixtures, consumed the whole of my forty pounds, besides leaving me in debt upwards of five more for drugs; however, having found an intelligent lad to officiate in the double capacity of shop-boy and servant, I lost not a minute in

opening my shop, my family living at the same time up stairs, without any other furniture than a mattress or two upon the ground, and one table.

“ But I had taken care to make my shop very conspicuous, for every part of the window was ornamented with bottles of colored water or showy drugs, and (as I’ve observed before) knowing that appearances go farther than deserts, I kept the boy constantly pounding away at the mortar, or else carrying out a basket of bottles, neatly labelled, and filled with colored liquids, which after staying out an hour or so, he would bring back covered with a napkin. Thus, when the boy was out, I was at home mixing things in the shop, and when he was at home, I was out, taking a walk, that the neighbours might think I was visiting patients.

“ The first day of commencing business not a customer entered my shop, the second I took half-a-crown ; the third day three shillings ; and at the end of a fortnight my retail business averaged twelve shillings a day ; meanwhile the neighbours supposed I had a

vast deal of practice, and began to employ me. In short, at the end of half a year, my shop produced at the rate of three hundred pounds per annum, and my private practice nearly as much, besides I had now obtained the character of being a clever man, and at the expiration of a twelvemonth, my practice was five hundred a year, and my shop netted about four hundred.

“ However, that I may avoid growing tedious, I shall dwell no longer on this subject, but merely say that I have been eight years in business in this house, and that my *good* practice and shop business together produce near three thousand pounds a year, while my bad debts may be something above one thousand.

“ The first shop-boy, after twelve months service, I had articted as an apprentice, both to reward his services, and save myself from the risk of being exposed by him ; while I have since taken three other apprentices, with whom I received two hundred pounds each ; and I now keep a shopman, besides two men servants.”

The surgeon having concluded the recital of his interesting story, at which I expressed myself much gratified; assured me that although his case was a fortunate one, it was by no means novel; as he could shew by numerous precedents that had fallen under his own immediate observation, and which proved that talents genius, learning, and invention, were of subordinate worldly utility to low trick and cunning. In fact, to use a vulgar expression, that humbug succeeded far better amongst the bulk of mankind, than sound knowledge; "otherwise," continued he, "how could it happen, for instance, that more money is paid for useless and contemptible criticisms upon the works of writers, than the poor authors themselves obtain?"

"However," resumed the surgeon, "to show how easily the public is duped in this way, I will mention the case of a countryman of mine who lives by reviewing new publications.

"The person I allude to is a tolerably good classic scholar, but possesses no genius whatever, nor could he compose an amusing

fiction, if it would either make his fortune or save his life; yet this fellow, whose bosom is filled with spleen against men of happier talents, is considered by many readers as a choice critic and reviewer; whilst the venom of his remarks is admired by crowds of people, who entertain no thought of perusing the work he abuses.

It is foreign to this man's nature to admire the production of any living author, though he is very skilful in picking out every fault, and loading the writer with malicious invectives.

"However, in reviewing a poem lately, he made a gross exposure of his ignorance and malignancy, having pronounced a quotation of some lines from Virgil, which the printer had neglected to mark with inverted commas, as the most execrable part of his performance.

"Indeed," resumed the surgeon, "of all humbugs that of reviewing books is the grossest; nor would the perishable trash of most reviewers be tolerated for an instant, but that slander too often obtains ready credit



in the human breast, when truth, beauty, merit, and sound judgment totally fail.

“And it is much to be regretted,” concluded he, “that people should read the rancorous production of any critic, unless the criticism bears a signature, and it is the signature of an author who has produced *one* original work worthy of being perused.”



## CHAPTER XXXI.

*Colley's Dinner Party.—He becomes an Empiric at Newington Green.—Rumboy runs away.*

I OUGHT to have observed, that I was honored by an invitation to dine with old Colley, who apparently, like a liberal gentleman, gave a public dinner in return for the feast he partook of with Active, at the Albion hotel.

However, though my engagements in Wimpole street prevented my dining with this bold speculator, I took an early opportunity, after the repast had taken place, of meeting Captain Grove, to learn how the company had been entertained.

The captain having laughed heartily at my question, told me, that it had proved one of the most amusing entertainments he ever

was present at in the whole course of his life ; and that, in as few words as possible, he would give me some account of it.

“ You must first be informed,” said he, “ that the old gentleman was goaded on by Rumboy and some other officious friends, to give this entertainment ; for of his own accord he would never have thought of putting himself to such an unnecessary expences ; but having been forced to send the invitations, he was compelled to make some provision for those who accepted of them.

“ For my part, I accompanied Meachell to this speculator’s house, situated in the middle of Long Lane, in the Borough ; and though we arrived there rather late, and the guests had all assembled, the old gentleman was away, as Miss Prune, his housekeeper and only servant (a very diminutive, sickly-looking young woman) said, buying the drink for us. However, Rumboy, who had gone into the passage to take liberties with Miss Prune, happening to look out of the street door, discovered old Colley on his way home, and

called us all out of the parlor, to witness the joyful sight.

The bold speculator was accompanied by a man, carrying a two-gallon stone jar, while he himself was loaded with a bottle in each coat pocket, and one in each hand ; though instead of being pleased at our attention in coming out to greet his arrival, he appeared frightened, and begged us not to come near him, for he was carrying wine. However, after he had got safe in the parlor, we all assisted to bottle off the gin, as the man was in a hurry to take back the jar ; old Colley having, for the sake of economy, bought these liquors more than two miles off.

“These preliminaries being settled, Miss Prune was directed to bring in the dinner ; and, by the aid of her master and Mr. Rumboy, who said, God bless him, he’d help ’em. There soon appeared upon the table a boiled leg of mutton with trimmings, besides a piece of measly pork, and a plum pudding.

Mr. Colley now requested the company to sit down, and Rumboy took his station at the

foot of the table, where he said grace ; but a minute relation of all the strange things which happened at this dinner, would fill a volume ; therefore, I shall content myself by saying, that Bite, the lawyer, became furious, when he found that Colley had nothing more than the pork and mutton for dinner, and common gin, to drink after it ; he having refused dining with one of the city companies, that he might partake of this feast. As to Rumboy, he behaved very rude even during the dinner, repeatedly asking us in turn to drink wine with him, and filling out glasses brimming full of the made wine, till the four bottles were dry ; while no sooner was the cloth removed, than he slipped out of the room, under some specious pretence ; though Colley, suspecting mischief, followed shortly after, and literally detected his bosom friend taking improper liberties in the back kitchen with Miss Prune. The old gentleman was extremely indignant, yet, after some delay, they returned together to the table, followed by the housekeeper, crying and complaining of the treatment she had received ; while Rumboy, insensible to shame, charged Colley with the mean design of

marrying her ; on which that bold speculator declared before the whole company, in a most spirited manner, that he would never make a table-cloth of his dish-clout.

“When the gin was all drank, old Colley and his housekeeper unwillingly went out to procure more ; and, during their absence, Mr. Rumboy played a variety of tricks in the house ; one consisted in emptying the coal-scuttle into his host’s bed. However, before the fresh supply of gin was exhausted, we were treated to an excellent speech by old Mr. Buy ; though whether it was meant by that distinguished orator to nettle his testy acquaintance, Bite, I am not aware, but he made the law and its professors the subject of his oration.

“He pointed out, in a manner that would have done honor to the ablest senator, numerous gross inconsistencies in the English laws ; which he thoroughly satisfied us are in themselves a jumble of contradictions, such as must ever enable cunning to defraud honesty. He clearly explained how, in a few transfers of property, the value of all the land in the kingdom goes to the black-robed gentlemen. He

proved to us the wonderful advantage it would be to the nation, if all law precedents and musty records were burnt, and the whole laws of the realm condensed in a single volume, where crimes could be specified, and the punishments awarded. And, with regard to title deeds, he so clearly elucidated the infinite superiority of one little strip of parchment conveying an estate, as is done by the church of Winchester, for instance, to the present voluminous process in general usage, that we all felt astonished how the present system of imposition could be tolerated. As to law-suits, he said, there could be no hope of quite doing away with them, until the lawyer who lost a cause was obliged to pay the costs.

The able orator now dwelt upon the strange custom of ennobling and granting a heavy pension to each lord chancellor, for filling an office where he has already been too profusely paid. And after this, he began upon that chaos of blackness, the Court of Chancery, whose citation (according to his assertions) as regards the life of man, is for eternity: and heaven only knows



how long we should have been edified by him, had not Bite, who could bear this exposition of his dark profession no longer, slyly got behind the orator, and most maliciously pulled the hind legs of his chair from under him; on which, the poor fellow fell his whole length upon the table, which being old and rickety, immediately tumbled beneath his weight, and bottles, glasses, gin, water, and sugar, were all broken or wasted.

“This mischief was past remedy; and the party shortly afterwards broke up, leaving old Colley and Miss Prune, his housekeeper, in sad consternation and distress.”

After I had enjoyed a hearty laugh at Grove's account of the dinner party, the captain communicated to me the following additional information.

“I shall make you smile,” said he, “when I tell you some further particulars of two of the celebrated characters at this dinner party, one of whom is old Colley himself.

“You must know,” continued the captain, that this whimsical old gentleman, was a master lighterman, who, in the course of nearly



half a century, contrived to realise a comfortable little property, half of which, he lost in the funds, in two monthly accounts; and being now seized with an itch for speculation, he tried to recover his loss, by making a large purchase in hops; and absolutely, after buying them, he used to go about the country, invoking Providence for the ensuing hop harvest to be a bad one; however, it proved otherwise, and he lost half the remainder of his property.

“He now entertained serious thoughts of becoming a Methodist parson, and actually got a number of religious old women to promise they would attend his meeting-house; but the whimsical gentleman’s plans are again changed, he having fortunately met with a middle-aged woman, nearly twice as tall as himself, who calls herself a widow, and has a daughter, about fifteen years old, who has persuaded him that she is in possession of an old family recipe for the cure of the scrofula; and that by marrying her they cannot fail making a fortune together.

“This brilliant prize appears to the old gentleman as the golden chance, which offers

but once in a man's life, and accordingly he is to be married in a few days, and upon the blissful occasion to move into an expensive rented house upon Newington Green, where he intends to commence business as a quack doctor, who engages to cure the scrofula; and the sanguine old gentleman positively expects, that the royal commander of the troops, in consequence of his suggestions about the bridge at Shadwell, will soon employ him to cure the diseased soldiers throughout the whole army; while he purposes making interest with the footmen of another royal duke to be appointed, through their influence, to a similar office in the navy, over which His Royal Highness presides.

"In short, added the captain, the removal of this whimsical gentleman will be regretted by all his old neighbours, to whom he has afforded constant entertainment for many years; for what with his invocations about his hops, his psalm-singing, his stock-jobbing, his courtships, his strange companions, and his variety of odd ways, his equal certainly is not to be found. However, in taking leave

of the old gentleman, it would be extremely remiss to neglect mentioning one more of his favorite pastimes, which to uninformed spectators appears truly ridiculous, and often causes laughter. At every extraordinary low tide, this bold speculator is to be seen on board of some coal barge or other vessel, at the foot of the sixth arch on the Surry side of London bridge, where, with a long pole, he anxiously pokes about the bottom of the river, in the hope of finding some pigs of lead which he lost at that spot by one of his lighters foundering, in consequence of striking against the arch, exactly forty years ago.

“The other character I have to mention,” resumed Captain Grove, “is old Rumboy, who has forsaken his wife and family to try his fortune at new York ; for which he sailed hence, a few days ago, carrying with him a fair mistress of fifteen, and a few thousands of pounds, studiously collected for the purpose of his emigration, but without much regard to the delicate scruples of that monitor conscience.

“However, his partner, Active, who must

have long expected something wrong on the side of Mr. Rumboy, has both got rid of a troublesome connection, and escaped uninjured by his emigration."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

*Clinton meets his Friend, Lieutenant Wright.  
—His disinterested Gallantry.*

ABOUT this time my friend, Lieutenant Wright, returned home from France, where he had been stationed with his regiment, which was one of those employed in the army of occupation upon the French territory.

The meeting with this gallant officer afforded me sincere pleasure, although it was somewhat alloyed by my observing that one of his arms was supported in a sling; and in answer to my enquiries, he informed me that this proceeded from a wound which he had lately received from a Frenchman in a duel, the particulars of which he would communicate when we were more at leisure. That same day I took him to dine at my cousin's, where,

after the ladies had retired from table, he related the following account of this affair, and of the circumstances which had given rise to it.

“ You may perhaps know, Clinton,” said the lieutenant, “ that for some months past, my regiment has been quartered in the neighbourhood of St. Omers, where the disappointed officers have vegetated the whole time in vile billets at various wretched villages. However, thoroughly disgusted with this kind of rural life, we were all anxious for leave of absence, and about a month ago it was my luck to obtain this indulgence, which was no sooner granted than I posted to Paris, where, for the convenience of being in the centre of the capital, I put up at the *Hotel de Montesquieu*, which you may remember is situated close to both the *Palais Royale* and the *Rue Saint Honoré*. I was scarcely housed here, ere my attention was particularly attracted by the charms and interesting manners of a lovely girl, who sold flowers at the corner of the court which was nearly under the window of my sitting room. Her *bouquets* were the prettiest

in the town, while the flowers were the sweetest, and selected with the nicest care. They were the admiration of the passengers, and customers flocked from every quarter to purchase them. A rose from her fair hand imparted the sweetest sensations; and I never left the hotel when she was at her post, without buying one. Poor Rosa! for such is her name, I have often sat at my window admiring her simplicity and charms, when she little dreamt I was so occupied.

“ However, the fair girl’s situation was an exposed one, for men of every class were fascinated by her beauties; while libertines of every description strove to whisper temptations in her ear. From the peer down to the porter she was insulted by the proposals of illicit love; however she treated all alike, not as a prude with angry frowns, but by tendering each libertine a rose or other sweet flower. O, ye prudes! O, ye coquets, let this example from a peasant maid serve as a lesson to you. Be but really virtuous, and then rest assured that a flower will as well serve your purpose as a frown.



“ However, to continue my story,” said the lieutenant, “ I must now mention, that opposite to the *Hotel de Montesquieu*, stands one of those vile establishments that are licensed by the French government for the reception of abandoned women; and that in the *Hotel de Montesquieu* there was residing at this time a French count, who was notorious as an unprincipled votary of fashion, and whom I accidentally overheard arranging a plan with his *valet de chambre* for inveigling the poor flower girl into his power at the licensed house of infamy opposite to us. This diabolical plan I determined to circumvent, and therefore kept a sharp look-out at the time it was to be carried into execution, and when, according to previous arrangement, the count was housed in the opposite building.

“ His valet now persuaded poor Rosa that a lady wanted to purchase some flowers, and accordingly, under this pretence, escorted her over the way to his master, which having done, the fellow came out of the house, when I almost immediately afterwards entered it, and having ascended the stairs, heard the unfortunate

girl's shrieks, upon which, with an iron window bar that happened to stand in the passage, I at once broke open the door of the chamber whence her voice issued. Fortunately, my entrance was at a most critical moment, and doubtless it saved the maiden's virtue, for she, poor thing, was in a sad condition, with her dress much deranged, and her eyes flowing with tears. The rascally count was in a tremendous rage at being thus disturbed, and in the first impulse of his fury dashed a water jug at my head, which missed me, but broke a large mirror that was fixed to the wall.

I felt indignant and irritated at his conduct; however, fortunately, I so far restrained my passions as not to strike my antagonist with the iron bar; but having cast it aside, I closed with him, and after a short struggle succeeded, by superior strength, in dashing him with force upon the floor. The count's head was bruised by the fall; and when I left the room he was in a state of insensibility; however I sent the *valet de chambre* to his assistance, after I had placed the poor flower-girl under my land-

lady's protection, and despatched a messenger for her mother.

“This affair passed over without further consequences for several days, during which the count was alarmingly ill from the concussion his head had received ; but no sooner was he recovered than he sent me a message, and we consequently met on the following morning, armed with pistols, and attended by seconds, to fight a duel, at a retired spot not far remote from the *Champ de Mars*. My first ball missed the nobleman, while his gave me the wound I now suffer from in the left arm. On my being wounded, the seconds proposed our making the quarrel up, but this my opponent would not consent to, and we accordingly fired at each other once more, when the count's bullet missed me, and mine extended him upon the plain.

“The wound this unfortunate nobleman had received was in the body, and from its appearance the seconds concluded he would soon be a dead man ; therefore, without further ceremony or delay, I took advantage of a passport

which I had previously provided myself with, and set off for England, where I arrived in safety, and without meeting with any obstruction.

“ However,” concluded my friend, “ I have since my arrival had the gratification of hearing, from undoubted authority, that the count’s wound has taken a most favorable turn, and that he not only is considered out of all danger from it, but is rapidly resuming his former state of health ; therefore, as my leave of absence will shortly expire, I purpose returning in a few days to join my regiment, which still remains quartered in the neighbourhood of Saint Omers.”

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

*Visit to a Countess.—Glover in the Bench.  
—His Companions.*

AN English dowager countess, of my cousin's acquaintance, having invited the ladies to pass a few days at her seat in Berkshire, I had the honor of accompanying them on the visit, where I soon discovered that the noble widow's object was to promote an intimacy between Fanny and her son ; for independent of her great personal attractions, the large fortune of my fair cousin was a sufficient temptation for almost any nobleman.

However, the countess was disappointed on this occasion, although the young peer (contrary to the general custom of those of his exalted rank) proved himself an obedient son, and did every thing in his power to become agree-

able to Miss Fanny ; yet, as his attentions were constantly received with distant civility, he soon discerned that they were not acceptable, and had the good sense to cease showing any marked behaviour to my fair cousin.

This conduct on her side was extremely flattering to me, who, from the favors already received, began to dream that I might aspire to the possession of the fair creature ; therefore I felt a degree of pride and satisfaction in making her the only little return in my power for having slighted the earl, by disregarding some strangely encouraging overtures which were made to me by the dowager countess.

Things were in this state when we returned to London, in spite of the warmest invitations from the earl and countess, to prolong our visit ; and having seen the ladies safely housed in Wimpole-street, I proceeded to my lodgings, where I found a letter from poor Glover, dated from the King's Bench prison, wherein it appeared his body had remained deposited for several days, as security for a debt of twenty pounds due upon his acceptance of a bill.

At an early hour next morning, I proceeded



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to visit my friend, whom I found in a deplorable situation; pennyless, dressed in shabby clothes, and with a beard of a week's growth; while, to make his misery complete, he was confined in a small room with three companions, who, to use the jail term, had been *chummed* upon him. He received me with a smile, saying, "Clinton, you see the jade Fortune has not yet done tormenting me, though, fond as I am of the fair sex, I could well dispense with the repeated visits of her daughter, who unluckily seems to be enamoured of me."

"Ah, Glover!" replied I, "you were always a favorite with the girls; however, for once, you have got into a different kind of society."

Here I was interrupted by a voice at the door, loudly ejaculating, "Curse the beldam! she has published my life of the old painter. Alas! is it for another's fame that I have distressed my brain, and wasted scores of long nights and days in study? Curse the beldam! she has published my life of the old painter." Upon this, looking round, who should I discover entering the room but my old Ports-



mouth acquaintance, Mr. Manners, the unfortunate author. He seemed no less surprised than I was at the meeting; and after shaking hands and greeting each other, I learnt that misery still pressed hard on the poor fellow, whose wife and children had forsaken him, the latter to reside with their Scotch relative. His tyrant of a wife had eloped with a countryman of her's, to whom she had been formerly attached, and his mistress was happily married, while he had with difficulty earned a wretched existence, and at last found his way to the Bench, for a debt partly due for rent, but which law chicanery had augmented from a few pounds to a sum of sufficient magnitude to arrest him upon. However, his imprisonment, domestic troubles, and extreme poverty, appeared to weigh light with him in comparison to the distress of his mind, caused by some foreign lady of title having published as her own his long lost manuscript of the "Life and Times of the Old Painter." While so great continued his mental absence at this misfortune, that even when I was present, he fre-

quently ejaculated, though apparently in deep meditation at the time, "Curse the beldam! she has published my life of the old painter."

Shortly after this, the other two chums of my friend entered the chamber, and as they are remarkable characters, I will describe their appearances.

Mr. Kendale, the first who entered, appeared to be on the verge of his sixtieth year, was of slender make and middle stature, with rather a florid face, deeply seamed by the small pox, and rendered peculiarly remarkable by extreme bad teeth, while a deep gash in his right cheek and a slit in his left ear, made him a sure object for any bailiff.

This gentleman could not deliver a single sentence, without betraying his cocknified pronunciation, the letter *v* invariably sounding as a *w* from his lips; and the word situation, which he repeatedly used, was equally sure of being pronounced *shitation*.

Glover's other *chum*, Mr. Edmond, was a Scotchman, turned of sixty years old, though

he scarcely appeared so much. He was a compact, bustling, middle-sized man, with ferret eyes and fiery countenance, and, as my friend afterwards informed me, overbearingly arrogant in his manners; a perpetual boaster, and a ready promiser of places and patronage, though always on the watch to overreach and benefit by others in every possible way, even by procuring from them the very favors he was professing to bestow.

He was also notorious for *forcing* his services upon new acquaintances, then taking great merit upon himself for what he had voluntarily done for them, and making proportionate claims for remuneration.

That we might converse more in private, my friend took me into the court yard, where he informed me that the officers of justice had contrived to extract from him, at a lock-up house, every shilling he possessed when arrested, as also the whole of the produce for which he had pledged his most valuable apparel; after which, finding he could raise no more money, they forced him in a brutal manner on foot, and in the broad face of day,

along the public streets, from the west end of the town to the King's Bench, although he earnestly entreated them to allow him to remain longer in the spunging-house, as he particularly wished to escape the ignominy of being confined in the King's Bench, and was in daily expectation of receiving money from his father to defray his debts. He also confessed he had been wretchedly off for food ever since in prison, having tasted little else than dry bread, and that pure beverage water; while such was the deplorably poor state of his *chums* and himself, that from amongst the four the price of a candle could not be mustered on the preceding night, and they had all literally passed the evening without either fire or candle-light.

“However,” resumed Glover, “since you are here, Clinton, and have seen my extraordinary companions in adversity, I will relate to you a few particulars concerning them, which may serve to shew, that both sanguine speculators, and the generality of determined authors, would judge rightly, if they calculated on settling with their creditors by

availing themselves of the advantages to be taken by the Insolvent Act, and which my three *chums* have duly given notice they mean to do.

“ To begin with Mr. Kendale, whose remarkable physiognomy you have beheld, and whose exquisitely happy cocknified delivery you have heard. He commenced his public career as a midshipman, but after *slaving* six years to qualify himself for a rank he had not interest to obtain, he quitted the navy in disgust, to become a *theoretical* speculator; and by the lofty flights of imagination, he continually fancied himself on the verge of obtaining a colossal fortune, even while disappointed creditors were in eager search after him.

“ Strange as it may seem,” added Glover, yet he has persisted in this folly nearly forty years, during which he has chiefly supported himself by *commission money*, earned from money lenders, for procuring them *dupes*.

“ Sometimes he makes a good hit by overreaching people, whom, through the medium of advertisements in the daily papers, he

inveigles to coffee-house meetings, where he contrives, under the plea of selling them a share in a new patent, or some such imposition, to get an advance of cash.

“ At other times, he gains money as the reporter of a diurnal paper; for although no orator, he can write quick, which is, perhaps, his leading accomplishment.

“ However, since this gentleman has slaked his thirst from our water pitcher, and satisfied the cravings of hunger with dry bread in this prison, he has become somewhat more reasonable; and I have several times heard him declare that when he has taken the benefit of the Insolvent Act, he will look out for a *shittiation*.

“ With regard to Mr. Edmond,” resumed my friend, “ he was initiated in roguery by a stock-broker, in whose office he served several years, and became an able adept in all the mysterious tricks of that vile profession.

“ After a time, he grew incapable of restraint, when he quitted his master, and was soon afterwards notorious; not for vain theory,



like Mr. Kendale, but the most desperate speculations.

“ However, an unlucky settling-day came, and he found it most convenient *not* to pay his differences; when, being hooted from the Stock Exchange, he set up a lottery insurance office, at that time vulgarly called a *little-go*.

“ Here for a time he throve marvellously well, keeping a couple of carriages, and both a country and town house, besides a snug box for his mistress. But alas, the jade, Fortune, turned against him, and he was ruined by the Irish lottery; some deep dogs having tricked him, by getting expresses conveyed to them by *pigeons*.

“ He next procured a government contract, and would doubtless have realised a large fortune, but peace unexpectedly took place, and he was nearly ruined.

“ After this, he descended to the employment of vending cheap bread, and was doing well, until detected adulterating the flour, and cheating in the weight of his loaves. For this offence he suffered a long imprison-



ment, which made him more cautious in his subsequent undertakings; neither, with the exception of having been taken-in by two or three proprietors of ridiculous patents, is he known to have embarked in any further desperate speculations.

“However,” resumed Glover, “the man who becomes a votary to the infernal game of *rouge et noir* can never more be fit for any useful or honorable pursuit in life; and this is the lamentable case of poor Edmond, who, for the last ten years, has constantly wasted his days and nights in pricking the marking cards at *rouge* houses, until he has gradually dwindled away all the comfortable income which remained after his speculations to cheer his declining age, and educate his rising family.

“And even now,” continued my friend, “such is his desire to return to the childish amusement of pricking a card in a gaming-house, that I have no doubt, but the moment he is enlarged from prison he will disregard his family and all other pursuits, to *thus* waste the residue of his days;

unless, fortunately for him, the proprietors of the hells, finding him pennyless, should close their doors against the otherwise incurable idiot."

After Glover had entertained me with the account of his fellow *chums*, I supplied his immediate pecuniary wants, and requested he would give a trifle to the poor author; when I hastened away with the design of procuring my friend's liberation; but on quitting the prison, he whispered, if possible, to get him liberated that evening, for he assured me he could obtain little or no sleep at night, in consequence of the frequency of Mr. Manners's ejaculations against the beldam, for having published his life of the old painter.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*A happy Reverse of Fortune.*

A FEW days after Glover obtained his liberation from the King's Bench, the poor author was enabled to compromise with his late landlord, and obtain his freedom, on paying a certain portion of the debt, and promising to discharge the remainder by instalments, at periods then agreed upon between the parties. Meanwhile, this unfortunate gentleman's constant ejaculations against the old beldam having been mentioned by my friend Glover to the ladies in Wimpole-street, occasioned my relating his history, which afforded considerable amusement, and no less interest in his behalf in the gentle bosoms of the female audience. In consequence of which I was requested to bring him to dine at their house; and on

the day he accompanied Glover and I there, it so happened that a party of foreigners were invited, with whom the ladies had become acquainted during their residence on the continent.

When we entered the drawing-room, several of the guests had already arrived ; and while I was introducing Mr. Manners to Fanny, I could not but observe with astonishment that he suddenly became so extremely confused, as to seem totally ignorant of what I was doing. He alike disregarded my fair cousin and my introductory speech, keeping his eyes constantly fixed on something at a distant part of the room, and in his strange perplexity trod upon one of Fanny's feet, while even this act of gross rudeness failed in restoring him to the smallest degree of self command.

At last, quite unconscious of the exclamations of pain he had occasioned the fair sufferer to utter, he vehemently exclaimed, " It is her ! I cannot be mistaken !—the angel lives ! " and pushing me on one side, he hastened towards a lady who was standing at the farthest window from us, and, seizing one of her hands, frantically

applied it to his lips, and then threw himself upon his knees before her, apparently deprived of the powers of speech.

The lady now seemed almost as bewildered as the poor author. She endeavoured to raise him from the ground. She called him her dear friend; and, in a raving manner, asked if he really existed? In short, her senses appeared also to have fled; and having exhausted the powers of nature, she eventually fainted, and fell into Mr. Manners' arms.

After the preceding scene, it scarcely need be told that this lady was the fair marchioness with whom Mr. Manners, many years before, had been enamoured at Rome, and on whose account he had been kidnapped to Africa, and subsequently suffered the various unfortunate adventures already related of him.

The shock sustained by the marchioness on this occasion was too severe and sudden to permit of her joining our dinner party; however, on the following day, the noble lady granted an audience to her lover, and they mutually related their adventures to each other. While from what Mr. Manners has since

informed me, it appears that the report which was circulated in Rome, of the Marchioness's death, had originated with herself, and had been propagated by her emissaries, that she might get rid of the troublesome overtures of her admirer, the prince, who would most probably have followed her to Paris, had not the news of her death arrived in Italy. The author also communicated to me that the marchioness, after the report of his death, had determined never more to enter into the marriage state, and that in consequence of this resolution she had perseveringly refused numerous offers.

It gives me pleasure to add, that my friend Manners is now an altered man to what I have hitherto known him. His face no longer bears the care-worn marks of a wretched author. Gaiety is seen in his countenance, and activity in his movements. His clothes are of the best quality, and his purse always stored with gold.

In a word, the marchioness's wealth is at his disposal, while they both wait impatiently for the day when the Hymeneal knot will unite them for life. However, there is an impedi-

ment to be removed ere this blissful moment arrives ; but the gentlemen of the long robe are busily employed on the occasion, and Mr. Manners's divorce is in a state of considerable progress.

Yet to show the fond infatuation of an author towards the favorite offspring of his brain, it may not be amiss to mention, that my friend has had several consultations with an able barrister, who has encouraged him in his design of prosecuting the beldam, for having published his life of the old painter.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

*Ned Clinton's Marriage.—Glover's good Fortune.—Junk promoted.—Conclusion.*

I HAVE now but little more to add, in bringing my adventures to a conclusion ; for that grand epoch of my life approaches near, which promises to settle me in affluence and happiness.

At the very commencement of my acquaintance with my fair cousin, I felt much interested for her welfare, and that interest gradually grew into an attachment, which, as I became better acquainted with her amiable character, daily strengthened and increased ; until at length, from what passed at the countess's, combined with other favorable circumstances, believing she felt a reciprocal passion, I ventured to communicate to her the state of my

heart, and to make her an offer of my hand ; when the amiable girl candidly confessed an affection towards me, and, without further ceremony, accepted of my proposal.

This intended union is approved of by the aunt of Fanny, and affords much satisfaction to my parents, who are now in Wimpole Street, as well as my sisters, in the design of attending at the church ceremony, which is to take place to-morrow morning, and immediately afterwards, Fanny and I purpose setting off for our estate in Ireland.

But to pass over her munificent intentions in silence, would be unpardonable on my part; for the dear girl has privately communicated to me, that she has signed a deed of gift, of a pretty little estate she possesses in Berkshire, of the value of two hundred pounds a-year to my father, which she means to present to him as soon as our marriage has taken place to-morrow. And one of my sisters, who is to follow us to Ireland, with Fanny's aunt, is constantly to reside with us.

I have just finished signing the law papers requisite on my marriage ; and at the same

time, I have signed a deed, settling an annuity of fifty pounds a-year upon Corporal James Brady, as a reward for his past services and fidelity. I have also given him his choice of living with me, as our house steward, or residing altogether in Ireland, as the steward and bailiff of our estate; and without a moment's hesitation, he selected the former post, according to his declaration, "that he might always be near me."

But what has just afforded me infinite pleasure, is the advancement of my friend, Glover, in whose behalf Fanny, unknown to me, applied to the members of the county, where her chief estate lies; and this day, the dear creature agreeably surprised me, by putting into my hand an appointment for this friend to the situation of a British consul in Spain.

I have also received much gratification from the further promotion of my friend, Captain Junk, who has lately arrived in town, on his appointment to the rank of a master and commander in the royal navy, of which, should opportunities be afforded, he will doubtless prove himself one of the brightest ornaments;

and I promise myself, when residing in London, the pleasure of often seeing his family; for Von Hogan has taken a house at Blackheath, where his daughter and Captain Junk, when on shore, purpose residing with the old gentleman.

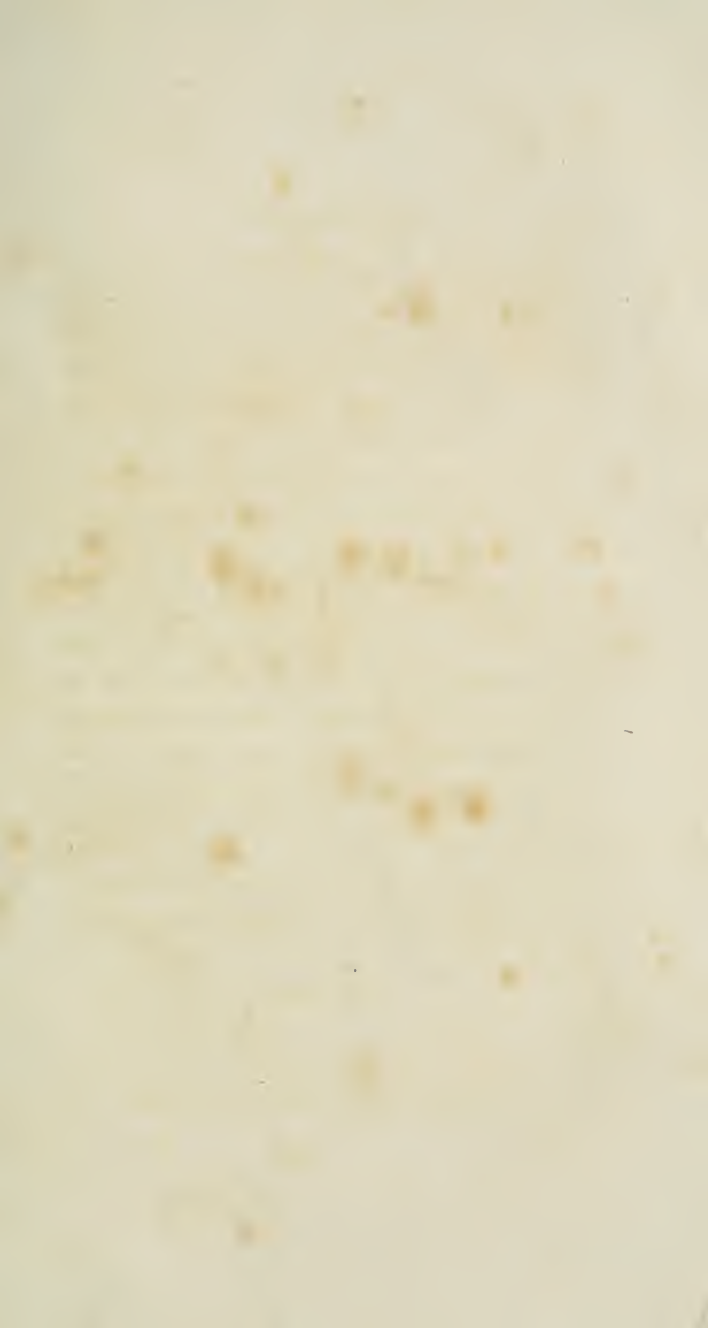
In concluding my adventures, I shall mention, that during my progress in life, I have too often observed that mankind in general are not sufficiently attentive in preserving their friends; therefore, that I may not fall into this unhappy error, it shall be my first employment after arriving at our estate in Ireland, to write to all my choice friends, inviting them, whenever convenient, to make my house their home, And I protest, that it shall be my study to treat them as the sons of one mother ought to behave to each other; for the duty of brothers, and the sacred ties of friendship, should be equally dear to man's heart.

THE END.

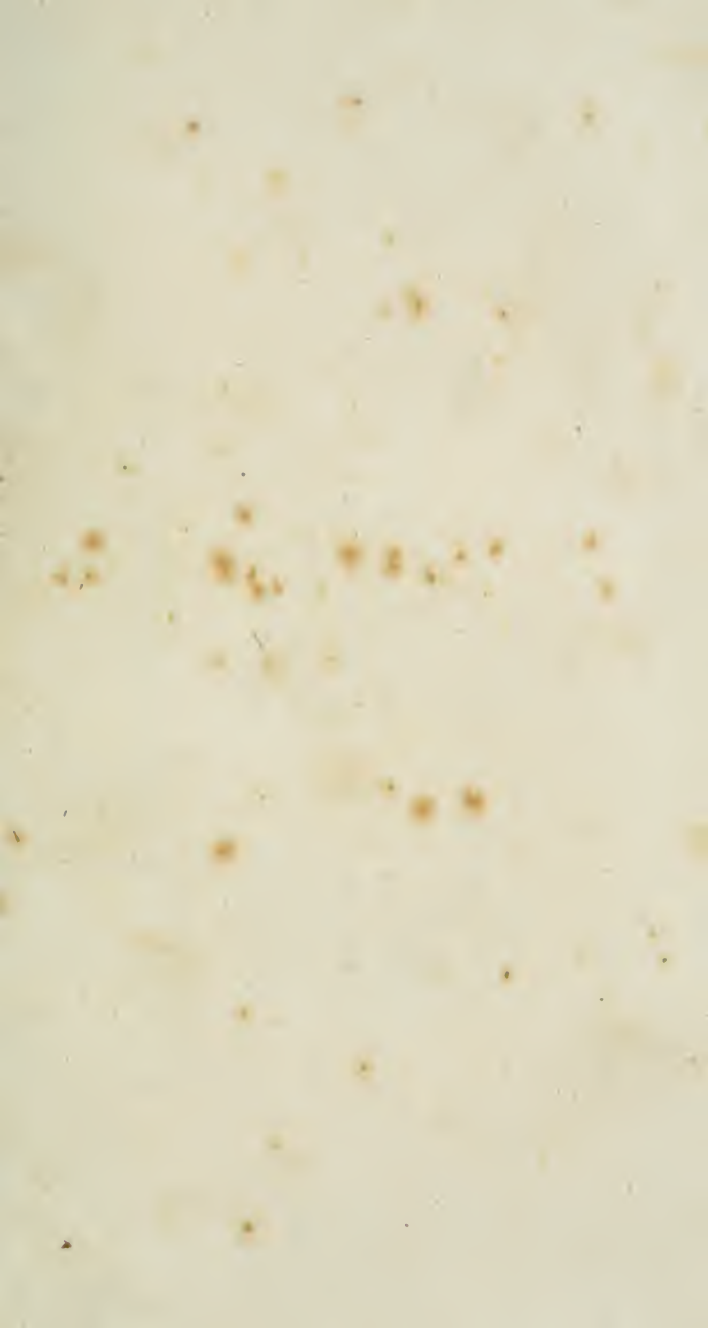
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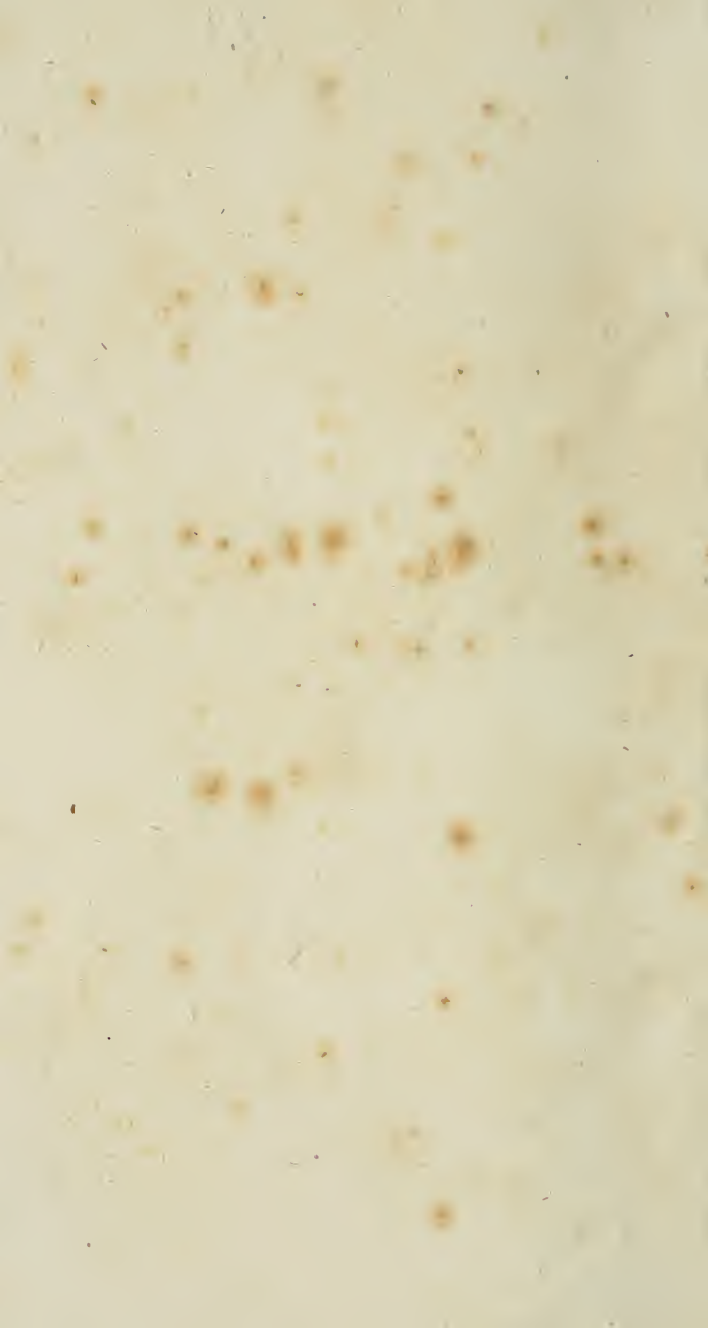
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